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FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,  
Of all my blessings, all my joy:  
I have some jewels in my heart  
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

SUNNY eyes may lose their brightness;  
Nimble feet forget their lightness;  
Pearly teeth may know decay;  
Raven tresses turn to gray;  
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;  
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;  
But though youth and strength depart,  
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain-flower,  
Peeping forth in wintry hour,  
When the summer's breath is fled,  
And the gaudier flowerets dead;  
So when outward charms are gone,  
Brighter still doth blossom on,  
Despite Time's destroying dart,  
The gentle, kindly loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail  
When on life's rough sea we sail;  
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,  
And the wit no longer glow;  
But more smooth we'll find the sea,  
And our course the fairer be,  
If our pilot, when we start,  
Be a kindly loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old—  
Ye who bow the knee to gold,  
Doth this earth as lovely seem  
As it did in life's young dream,  
Ere the world had crusted o'er,  
Feelings good and pure before—  
Ere ye sold at Mammon's mart  
The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—  
Whether life of ease or care  
Be the one to me assigned,  
That each coming year may find  
Loving thoughts and gentle words  
Twined within my bosom's chords,  
And that age may but impart  
Riper freshness to my heart!

GOD BLESS YOU.

"God bless you!"—kind, familiar words!  
Before my eyes the letters swim:  
For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—  
My sight with fond regret grows dim.  
God bless you! closes up each page  
Traced by the well-beloved of yore:  
Whose letters still, from youth to age,  
That fondly-anxious legend bore.

I heeded not, in earlier days,  
The import of that yearning prayer:

To me 't was but a kindly phrase,  
Which household love might freely spare ;  
But now that grief strange power affords,  
In these love-hallowed scrolls I find  
Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,  
With all life's tenderness entwined !

Now thou art gone (ah ! dark above  
Thy gravestone floods the winter rain),  
And all the old, sweet household love  
Fades into memory's silent pain.  
On earth for me no human heart  
Again will breathe those words divine :  
But, sainted soul ! where'er thou art,  
Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER."

Snowy blossoms deck the thorn, the birds are on  
the wing,  
Freshly robed is Mother Earth to greet the joyous  
Spring ;  
Twining through the distant vale, the glancing  
stream is seen,  
Like a thread of silver, in a garb of Lincoln  
green.  
Early flowers from out their leaves are peeping,  
one by one,  
Grateful to the golden shower that falls athwart  
the sun ;  
Drifts upon the southern breeze the cloud of fleecy  
white,  
'Gainst it, fitting darkly, see the swallow's cir-  
cling flight ;  
Bid him welcome home, my child ! that herald  
of the Spring ;  
Yet believe no single swallow summer's prime  
shall bring.  
Often thus a gleam of hope the trust of youth de-  
ceives,  
Often thus its fading ray the sanguine spirit  
grieves ;  
Hours of gladness on our path steal ever and  
anon,  
Ere the fleeting joy we strive to grasp — behold !  
't is gone.  
Brightly shines the sun to-day in calm and smil-  
ing skies,  
Frowning in the tempest's wrath to-morrow's  
dawn may rise.  
Youth is like the merry spring-time, all is fresh  
and new,  
Fancy decks the starting bud with summer's  
promised hue ;  
Fancy gives the way-side weed the perfume of the  
rose ;  
Forward o'er the toilsome journey Hope her ra-  
diance throws ;  
Showers of Spring are short and sudden, through  
them gleams the sun,  
Tears of youth with smiles are mingled, dried ere  
scarce begun ;  
Often nips an envious frost the blossom's open-  
ing joy,  
Seldom ripened manhood crowns the wishes of the  
boy.  
Neon of life is rich and bright, like summer's  
golden time,

Many a bud its flower hath borne, now blushing  
in its prime ;  
Smiling on our outward world, Prosperity may  
glow,  
Honor strew our path with laurels — are we  
happy ? No !  
Look upon the garden-rose, that blooms so fresh  
and fair,  
Shedding beauty on the sward, and fragrance on  
the air ;  
Choicest gifts of scent and hue doth Nature on  
her pour,  
Peep within the leaves, a worm is crawling at  
the core.  
So for us may Wealth and Fame their choicest  
honors bear,  
Still within the bosom lurks the canker-worm of  
care ;  
More we covet, more we grasp ; yet craving,  
craving still —  
Feels the immortal soul a void the mortal cannot  
fill ;  
Ever striving, ever looking forward, life is past,  
All unmarked, till startled by the Autumn's warn-  
ing blast,  
Wildly, like the wakened dreamer, how we gaze  
around !  
Ripened fruits are falling, withered leaves are on  
the ground ;  
Mournful wails the breeze, the skies are sad-  
dened, though serene,  
Chastened is the parting ray that gilds the fading  
scene ;  
Sad and tawny all that bloomed before so fresh  
and bright,  
Time hath reaped his harvest — have we gath-  
ered whilst we might ?  
Dark and gloomy lowers the Future ; breaking  
on the shore,  
Winter's waves come rolling onward, winter's  
tempests roar ;  
Dreary dawns the morning, early sets the watery  
sun,  
Few the grains the hour-glass holds, and faster  
still they run.  
Like a dream, the lengthening Past hath vanished  
from our sight,  
Twilight's shadows gather round, and nearer  
draws the night.  
Short and sad the journey left, and few the toils  
to brave —  
Life, in all its winding paths, leads surely to the  
grave.  
By the passing seasons warned, then be not thou  
beguiled,  
Trust not in the budding Spring, nor Summer  
prime, my child !  
Still unwished for, still unmourned, behold them  
come and go ;  
Earth is not thy resting-place, thy home is not  
below.  
Ever through thy pilgrimage hold steadfast to the  
end,  
Ever to the promised Heaven let thoughts and  
wishes tend ;  
So when death at last shall wrap thy frame in  
winter's gloom,  
Spring eternal on thy soul shall dawn beyond the  
tomb.

From Chambers' Repository.

WRITINGS OF T. B. MACAULAY.

MR. MACAULAY may be considered one of the most successful of modern authors; inasmuch as everything he has written has made an impression upon the public, and the popularity he enjoys is both extensive and substantial. It is also a popularity that is more than usually well deserved. (His contributions to literature belong to the departments of criticism, poetry, and history, and upon all of them there is the stamp and seal of excellence.) Owing to the expensive form in which his works have hitherto been published, we suspect his readers have been restricted to the well-conditioned and more cultivated classes; but now that some of his most admired essays are in the course of republication, in the shape of shilling pamphlets, he is likely to be introduced to a multitude of new appreciators, and to acquire thus a large accession of reputation. For every one who reads Macaulay is sure to be delighted with him, and will be almost certain to study and re-peruse his pages with increasing relish and satisfaction, until their whole interest and meaning become matter of familiarity.

There is something of the universal genius in Macaulay. His versatility is great, his manner exceedingly attractive, and the speculations he most delights in are of general and abiding interest. He is possessed of all the endowments and accomplishments which command the attention and respect of nearly all varieties of intelligent and cultivated persons; his stores of learning and information are large and varied; the skill and facility with which he reproduces what he knows, give an air of ease and gracefulness to his writing, such as is seldom witnessed; and the light expertness and pointed vigor of his style are admirably calculated to produce an effective impression. He is a great popularizer of abstruse and recondite investigations. There is nothing he takes in hand that he does not succeed in making his reader comprehend; or, at any rate, the reader must be singularly obtuse and unintelligent if he fails in doing so. He has done much in the way of educating the tastes, the judgments, and the sympathies of his generation.

Before proceeding to an examination of our author's works, it will not be amiss to bring together such biographical particulars as we happen to possess. Thomas Babington Macau-

lay is the son of Mr. Zackary Macaulay, formerly a West India merchant, and known in public life as the personal friend and coadjutor of the celebrated Wilberforce. For mercantile pursuits, the son does not appear to have had any inclination; but in regard to popular and political objects, he has inherited all the zeal, and perhaps more than the judgment, of his father. His education, we believe, was begun at home; efficiently advanced under the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire; and subsequently completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered at the latter in 1818, and, some year later, took his bachelor's degree, in the ordinary course. In 1819, he obtained the chancellor's medal awarded to compositions in English verse. Judging from what he has said in one of his reviews of prize-poems generally, it would not seem that he afterwards thought much of this distinction. Speaking in allusion to Sir Roger Newdigate's restriction of such a poem to fifty lines, he pleasantly commends the regulation: "The world, we believe, is pretty well agreed," says he, "in thinking that the shorter a prize-poem is, the better." Mr. Macaulay, however, won considerably higher honors, and indeed gained the very highest, in classical departments, which the university could confer. After leaving college, he applied himself to the study of law, and was called to the bar in 1826. Whether he ever intended to practise is not known to us, but it seems likely that his principal object was to gain a more ready introduction into literary and public life. Be this as it may, it is certain that he began very early to apply himself to literature. He was one of the first and ablest among the contributors to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*; and in due season gained access to the *Edinburgh Review*. The article on Milton—the first in the collection of his essays—appeared in that journal in 1827. It has sometimes been spoken of as a finely-finished and even splendid composition; but Macaulay himself has referred to it as being "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." "Written," says he, when the author was fresh from college, it "contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves." It was, nevertheless, a performance of great vigor and promise, and instantly raised the writer to a distinguished elevation among his literary contemporaries. His subsequent contributions to the *Edinburgh* were

less ornate and florid, and became gradually more and more remarkable for a perfect and exquisite simplicity. By his connexion with this journal, he gained the intimacy and friendship of Mr. Jeffrey (since Lord Jeffrey), the editor; an agreeable relationship, which subsisted as long as the latter lived.

In 1831, Mr. Macaulay entered Parliament as member for Calne, a borough in the interest of Lord Lansdowne. He made his first speech in favor of the Reform Bill, and shortly came to be considered a prominent member of the Whig party. With this party he has been all along associated, and in his political disquisitions appears chiefly as its champion and philosophical representative. His eloquence and manifest capacity for the discussion of affairs gave him great popularity in the House, and won for him the respect and favor of the leaders in the ministry. He was not a frequent speaker, but when he did speak, it was generally on some important question, with all the bearings and particulars of which he had made himself intimately acquainted. Those who were in a position to appreciate his powers, spoke of him in the highest terms of eulogy. Jeffrey, writing to Lord Cockburn in 1833, observes: "Mac is a marvellous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a house of less than fifty. The speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard." The men of the Whig administration must have entertained a somewhat similar opinion; at any rate, they kept their eyes up on him, and embraced an early opportunity for enlisting him in their service. In 1834, after being elected for Leeds, he was appointed to the office of Secretary to the India Board. The aptness for business and general ability he manifested in this position, caused him shortly afterwards to be made a member of the East India Company's Supreme Council at Calcutta; an appointment for which he vacated his seat in Parliament, and preceded forthwith to India. He was absent four years, returning to England in 1838. During his stay in India, he largely extended his knowledge of its policy and affairs; so that when writing subsequently on the careers of Clive and Warren Hastings, he showed himself accurately informed of all their personal proceedings, and thoroughly conversant with the whole range of circumstances connected with the rise and consolidation of our

Indian Empire. The year after his return, Macaulay was elected for Edinburgh, and in the following year accepted office as Secretary at War. When the Whig ascendancy was broken up in 1841, he steadily and consistently supported his party in opposition. Some of his votes, however, gave offence to his constituents—a memorable one on the Maynooth grant especially—and at the general election of 1847, he lost his seat for the Scottish capital. He would have had little difficulty in getting returned for some one of the English boroughs, but he declined all solicitations, and refused to sit for any other place than the one which had rejected him. Time wears down many prejudices; and the honor that was then denied him, was last year restored, and that in a manner highly flattering to himself. It will be remembered that without canvassing, without even coming forward as a candidate, he was triumphantly returned for Edinburgh at the head of the poll. His four years' exclusion from public life are understood to have been industriously devoted to literary pursuits—mainly, we believe, to the preparation of his elaborate *History of England from the Accession of James II.*; two volumes of which were published at the close of 1848, and have now reached their sixth edition; and two other volumes are expected to be forthcoming in the course of the present year. Of the merits of this work we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Both as a statesman and a writer, though in general a supporter of Whig principles, Mr. Macaulay has sometimes been the advocate of a more liberal national policy than that aspired after by his party; and, upon the whole, it may be said, that he has used the influence of his position in behalf of free opinion, commercial liberty, a more general extension of education among the people, and a better adjustment of those relations of ranks and classes which are commonly believed, by advanced thinkers, to require emendation as a consequence and a condition of our material and social progress.

We now pass on to a consideration of Mr. Macaulay's writings, beginning with a notice of his collected contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. These embrace an extensive range of subjects. They are scarcely separable, according to the title, into *Critical and Historical Essays*, for the critical are nearly all partially historical or biographical, and the historical deal considerably in criticism.



The most purely critical and literary are the before-mentioned article on Milton, the reviews of Moore's *Life of Byron*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Southey's *Colloquies on Society*, the *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, the *Life and Writings of Addison*, and the elaborate dissertations on Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple. Among the professedly historical essays, the most notable and attractive are those on Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Chatham, Lord Clive, and Warren Hastings. These contain complete and finished representations of the genius and characters of the individuals treated of, along with graphic and excellent descriptions of the circumstances in which they lived and acted. They are all striking and instructive studies of human nature, and are not only memorable for the interest of personality which attaches to the subjects, but may be read with profit for their stores of valuable information, their fair and impartial estimates of character, and their just moral judgments and conclusions.

Perhaps the first quality that strikes a reader fresh from Macaulay's pages, is the fulness of his sympathy with genius. Nearly all his articles in the *Edinburgh Review* have been devoted to great men, or to men who hold some special characteristic position in literature or history by virtue of their genius. Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Addison, Johnson, Byron, are persons of widely different peculiarities of mental constitution, but being all unquestionably possessed of what we understand by genius, they are severally and individually welcomed with the warmest homage and appreciation. He delights to track the footsteps of the bold original travelers in the realms of thought and power, and glows with admiration over the narrative of their discoveries. The things that interest him most are the great strokes of character, the subtle graces of act and movement, that cannot be imitated or repeated, the beauty and the glory that is shed from the presence of exalted intellects. Before the high throne of superiority, he bows his head with reverence, and extols, with a glowing and rapturous enthusiasm, the majesty he venerates. But his worship is by no means fanatical or superstitious; it is not the expression of a mere undiscerning sentiment, but the bold and fearless admiration of a mind that claims relationship with the object it admires. For all manner of limitations and imperfections,

he has as clear and just a recognition as he manifests for the characteristics of excellency and worthiness. The homage he pays to genius is not extended to its failings or deficiencies; nor does he suffer the moral sense within him to be dazzled by the brilliancy of the aberrations and eccentricities by which it has sometimes been disfigured. To the Cæsars of human intellect he would render the things that may be due to them; but for every violation of the truth and justice, for every perversion of honor or integrity, he relentlessly brings them to judgment. Not that he has no generous compassion for the errors of the tempted, or for the heedless indiscretions into which the inexperienced and impetuous may chance to fall; but knowing the weight and the solemnity of human responsibility, he dares forbear not, even in the natural overflowings of his mercy towards the offender, to visit his offences with condemnation.

This Rhadamanthine impartiality is illustrated in the article on Bacon. Whilst he admiringly extols the grandeurs of Bacon's intellect, he will not condescend to varnish the rottenness of his moral reputation. Honoring the philosopher and the thinker, he yet denounces the selfishness, the perfidy, and the meanness of the man. Nevertheless, with justice he discriminates between the acts which may be reckoned instances of personal depravity, and those that were simply adventitious or accessory to his position as a placeman and a politician. The vices and shortcomings of his age are not incontinently charged upon the head of the individual. Macaulay, indeed, discerns in Bacon two separable and distinct characters. Under the speculative aspect, the man is to be ranked with the noblest specimens of his race; under the practical and personal manifestation, he is shown to have had very much in common with the basest and most unprincipled. "The difference," says Macaulay, "between the soaring angel and the creeping snake was but a type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the attorney-general — Bacon seeking for truth and Bacon seeking for the seals. Those who survey only one half of his character may speak of him with unmixed admiration, or with unmixed contempt; but those only judge of him correctly, who take in at one view Bacon in speculation and Bacon in action. They will have no difficulty in comprehending

how one and the same man should have been far before his age and far behind it — in one line, the boldest and most useful of innovators; in another line, the most obstinate champion of the foulest abuses. In his library, all his rare powers were under the guidance of an honest ambition, of an enlarged philanthropy, of a sincere love of truth. There, no temptation drew him away from the right course. Thomas Aquinas could pay no fees — Duns Scotus could confer no peerages — the Master of the Sentences had no rich reversions in his gift. Far different was the situation of the great philosopher, when he came forth from his study and his laboratory to mingle with the crowd which filled the galleries of Whitehall. In all that crowd there was no man equally qualified to render great and lasting services to mankind. But in all that crowd there was not a heart more set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness — on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of integrity and honor. To be the leader of the human race in the career of improvement — to found on the ruins of ancient intellectual dynasties a more prosperous and a more enduring empire — to be revered by the latest generations as the most illustrious among the benefactors of mankind; all this was within his reach. But all this availed him nothing while some quibbling special pleader was promoted before him to the bench — while some heavy country gentleman took precedence of him, by virtue of a purchased coronet — while some pander, happy in a fair wife, could obtain a more cordial salute from Buckingham — while some buffoon, versed in all the latest scandal of the court, could draw a louder laugh from James." Further on, our author adds: "Had his life been passed in literary retirement, he would, in all probability, have deserved to be considered, not only as a great philosopher, but as a worthy and good-natured member of society. But neither his principle nor his spirit was such as could be trusted, when strong temptations were to be resisted, and serious dangers to be braved."

This wide discrepancy between the intellectual and moral elements of Bacon's nature is a thing to be lamented; but being undeniably a fact, it cannot rightly be overlooked in our estimation of his greatness. But it is precisely the thing which a less bold and conscientious critic, so largely sympathizing with Bacon's genius, would have been tempted to explain away. This was, indeed, the course pursued by Mr. Basil Montagu in his life of the great philosopher, and is the very thing which impairs the worth of that otherwise valuable and carefully-composed biography. Mr. Macaulay is, accordingly, a much safer guide to the study of Bacon's history

and character, than any one could be who approaches the subject in the attitude of a partisan. The position taken by Mr. Montagu is that of an advocate, who conceives himself called upon to exculpate his client from all suspicion of blame: Mr. Macaulay, more appropriately, assumes the functions of a judge, who, hearing and investigating the entire case, pronounces a decision according to the evidence. So just an apprehension of the lights and shades of character as is indicated in the sentences just quoted, and appears still more abundantly throughout the article, seems to us to mark Macaulay as a writer admirably qualified for faithful and impartial criticism of character. Another quality which well befits him in this capacity, is his considerate and honorable candor towards honestly-intentioned persons with whom he finds it necessary to differ in opinion. There are some remarks in this same article on Bacon, which may be not inaptly cited, by way of showing how gently he is disposed to deal with the unconscious exaggerations and misjudgments of those admirers of the illustrious who are apt to be unduly ardent, and not sufficiently discriminating. Speaking of the difficulty there is in treating, with strict impartiality, of the memories of men who have been in any manner benefactors of their kind, he observes: —

"There is scarcely any delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently treated, than that under the influence of which a man ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius. The causes of this error lie deep in the inmost recesses of human nature. We are all inclined to judge of others as we find them. Our estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed; and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us. This is, we believe, one of those illusions to which the whole human race is subject, and which experience and reflection can only partially remove. It is, in the phraseology of Bacon, one of the *idola tribus*.\* Hence it is that the moral character of a man eminent in letters or in the fine arts is treated, often by contemporaries, almost always by posterity, with extraordinary tenderness. The world derives pleasure and advantage from the performances of such a man. The number of those who suffer by his personal vices is small, even in his own time, when compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years, all those whom he has

\* Idols or illusions of the tribe or species.

injured disappear; but his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. The genius of Sallust is still with us; but the Numidians whom he plundered, and the unfortunate husbands who caught him in their houses at unseasonable hours, are forgotten. We suffer ourselves to be delighted by the keenness of Clarendon's observation, and by the sober majesty of his style, till we forget the oppressor and the bigot in the historian. Falstaff and Tom Jones have survived the gamekeepers whom Shakspeare cudgelled, and the landladies whom Fielding bilked. A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers; and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude. We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favors; how long we struggle against evidence—how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth—they have filled his mind with noble and graceful images—they have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on, fortune is inconstant, tempers are soured, bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. . . . Nothing, then, can be more natural, than that a person endowed with sensibility and imagination should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men with whose minds he holds daily communion. Yet," he continues, with a just consideration for what can be advanced on the other side, "nothing can be more certain, than that such men have not always deserved to be regarded with respect or affection. Some writers, whose works will continue to instruct and delight mankind to the remotest ages, have been placed in such situations that their actions and motives are as well known to us as the actions and motives of one human being can be known to another; and unhappily their conduct has not always been such as

an impartial judge can contemplate with approbation."

These last remarks have obtained ample and varied illustration in Mr. Macaulay's disquisitions. As a reviewer, notwithstanding, he is apt to be very hard upon dunces, and indeed seems not disinclined to hunt them out of the provinces of literature, without benefit of clergy. The measure he dealt some years ago to a celebrated writer of verse, whose works have gone through numerous editions, is a memorable instance of the severity of which he is capable on fit occasions. The gentleman in question is the well-known author of *Satan*, and the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, and also of several other works that have been more or less popular with a considerable class of readers. Mr. Macaulay, we think wrongly, ascribed his incomprehensible success to the agency of puffery. This stimulant to notoriety may have been concerned in it, but we fancy it is in great part attributable to that liking for inflated metaphor and sounding phraseology, so commonly observable in common minds. The vulgar melodramas that are represented in the inferior London theatres, meet with a correspondingly vulgar, but a very hearty and undeniable approbation. Such compositions as *Satan*, and others of the class, might in like manner find some natural admirers. Puffery might have carried Mr. Montgomery hastily through two or three editions, but it would be hardly a sufficient motive power to bear him triumphantly forward to a dozen. However, believing the cause to be simple puffery, Mr. Macaulay sets himself to expose and denounce it, and then rigorously analyzes Mr. Montgomery's pretensions. The unsparing critic convicts him of nearly all the poetical sins a man could possibly commit. "His writing," says he, "bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey-carpet bears to a picture. There are colors in a Turkey-carpet out of which a picture might be made; there are words in Mr. Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle, in such a manner as to give no image of anything 'in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.'" He convicts him of the grossest plagiarism, of false taste, of an irreverent handling of sacred things, of confusion of imagery, of inflation of style and phraseology, of absurd personification and reflection, of spoiling almost everything he pilfers, of violating even the common rules of syntax; and then, having, as it were, turned him utterly inside out, and exposed the bombastic patchwork with which he has clothed his intellectual insignificance, he finally dismisses him with a bland and gentlemanly contempt. On reading such a criticism, a man

is apt to thank his stars that he never fancied himself a poet.

But it is not always in a style so truculent that Mr. Macaulay treats an incompetent or pompous author. If the author be only ungainly, or innocently commonplace, his judgment of him may not be the less positively express disapprobation; but the manner in which he conveys it is more gentle, and not so emphatically contemptuous. Yet we scarcely know which might be the more difficult to bear—his sharp castigations, or the provoking complacency of his milder disapproval. He has a habit of what may be called pleasant depreciation, which has often a very damaging effect. Here is a short extractable passage, which will serve, better than any remarks, to illustrate what we mean. The subject under review is the *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh*, edited by Dr. Nares, some time Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; and in introducing the work to his readers, Mr. Macaulay thus describes it:—

"The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface; the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us, better than by saying, that it consists of about 2000 closely-printed quarto pages, that it occupies 1500 inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

"Compared with the labor of reading through these volumes, all other labor, the labor of thieves on the tread-mill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar-plantations, is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oar. Guicciardini, though certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus or a Froissart when compared with Dr. Nares. It is not merely in bulk, but in specific gravity, also, that these memoirs exceed all other human compositions. On every subject which the professor discusses, he produces three times as many

pages as another man; and one of his pages is as tedious as another man's three. His book is swelled to its vast dimensions by endless repetitions, by episodes which have nothing to do with the main action, by quotations from books which are in every circulating library, and by reflections which, when they happen to be just, are so obvious, that they must necessarily occur to the mind of every reader. He employs more words in expounding and defending a truism, than any other writer would employ in supporting a paradox. Of the rules of historical perspective he has not the faintest notion. There is neither foreground nor background in his delineation. The wars of Charles V. in Germany are detailed at almost as much length as in Robertson's life of that prince. The troubles of Scotland are related as fully as in M'Clure's *Life of John Knox*. It would be most unjust to deny, that Dr. Nares is a man of great industry and research; but he is so utterly incompetent to arrange the materials which he has collected, that he might as well have left them in their original repositories."

Dr. Nares appears to be one of those heavy and pains-taking authors, whom the Germans are accustomed to call "literary hod-men." Nevertheless, we conceive some moderate degree of praise is due to him, inasmuch as he undoubtedly brought together, in three sufficient volumes, the whole or chief materials out of which Mr. Macaulay raised his own elegant monument, in commemoration of *Burleigh and his Times*. This paper is an excellent specimen of our author's science of composition; for, with Mr. Macaulay, as with all good writers, composition is a science, and therefore requiring the observance of appropriate rules and principles. Among his most prominent characteristics may be noted his rare powers of representation. He sketches a biography, or renders an episode in history, with the lightest and gracefulest effect, often throwing a charm and an interest around particulars which, in the hands of a meaner writer, would be simply tame and tedious. And then, when the subject-matter chances to be interesting, the masterly skill with which he adapts and sets it forth, imparts to it additional attractions. There is scarcely any more delightful reading in the language than Macaulay's rapid and airy sketches of the lives of authors and distinguished statesmen; so full of information, yet so light and sparkling in manner, so choicely seasoned with anecdote and historical allusion, so complete in all the essentials which go to form a vivid representation of character, events, and circumstances. These portions of his works are perfect pictures of the customs, modes of thought, and ways of living, of former generations. Thus, in the review of *Burleigh and his Times*, we have the age of Queen Elizabeth, and the con-



temporary contest between Romanists and Protestants, depicted in a way that shows an intimate familiarity with the principles, prejudices, and policy of the period. In *Bacon*, we obtain not only a just and authentic view of his personal acts and character, but a clear and intelligible insight into the general aspects of the age, as manifested in the culture and prevalent morality of courtiers and public men, along with a comprehensive survey of the state of science and opinion. A paper on the *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*, introduces us, as it were, bodily into the society in which Wycherley and Congreve lived and moved and had their being, and which they have so wittily and licentiously represented in their comedies. And so on, throughout these criticisms generally, we have the persons of whom they treat, and the circumstances and environment in which they flourished, reproduced and brought vividly before us, in brilliant and picturesque descriptions, as pleasant and entertaining as any in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The liveliness and grace with which Macaulay represents reality, is almost as fascinating and perfect in its way, as is the admirable "imitation of reality" in the fictions of the novelist.

(Another prominent quality of Macaulay's writing is his adroit use of facts in support of his conclusions.) A fact in his hands is not a mere isolated piece of information, but is made to serve for the illustration of great truths, or for the enforcement of particular acts of duty. He often conducts an argument almost wholly by a judicious marshalling of facts, throwing in scarcely any additional remark, beyond such as may be needed to link them logically together. Of their proper value and application, he entertains a very clear conception. In treating of any subject, he perceives at a glance what particular facts possess importance, and how they can be most effectively embodied in a description, or made available for the ends of a discussion. In this respect, he shows himself one of the finest literary artists of the age; no one can have a clearer recognition of what a fact is worth, or more appropriately apply it to his purposes. It has not escaped him, that ordinary writers are very defective in this useful qualification. "Many writers," says he, "seem never to have considered on what the historical importance of an event depends. They seem not to be aware that the importance of a fact, when that fact is considered with reference to its immediate effects, and the importance of the same fact, when that fact is considered as part of the materials for the construction of a science, are two very different things. The quantity of good or evil which a transaction produces, is by no means necessarily proportioned to the quantity of light which that

transaction affords as to the way in which good or evil may hereafter be produced. The poisoning of an emperor is in one sense a far more serious matter than the poisoning of a rat. But the poisoning of a rat may be an era in chemistry; and an emperor may be poisoned by such ordinary means, and with such ordinary symptoms, that no scientific journal would notice the occurrence. An action for a hundred thousand pounds is in one sense a more momentous affair than an action for fifty pounds. But it by no means follows, that the learned gentlemen who report the proceedings of the courts of law, ought to give a fuller account of an action for a hundred thousand pounds, than of an action for fifty pounds. For a cause in which a large sum is at stake, may be important only to the particular plaintiff and the particular defendant. A cause, on the other hand, in which a small sum is at stake, may establish some great principle interesting to half the families in the kingdom. The case is exactly the same with that class of subjects of which historians treat. To an Athenian, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, the result of the battle of Delium was far more important than the fate of the comedy of *The Knights*. But to us, the fact that the comedy of *The Knights* was brought on the Athenian stage with success, is far more important than the fact that the Athenian phalanx gave way at Delium. Neither the one event nor the other has now any intrinsic importance. We are in no danger of being speared by the Thebans. We are not quizzed in *The Knights*. To us, the importance of both events consists in the value of the general truth which is to be learned from them. What general truth do we learn from the accounts which have come down to us of the battle of Delium? Very little more than this: that when two armies fight, it is not improbable that one of them will be very soundly beaten — a truth which it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to establish, even if all memory of the battle of Delium were lost among men. But a man who becomes acquainted with the comedy of *The Knights*, and with the history of that comedy, at once feels his mind enlarged. Society is presented to him under a new aspect. He may have read and travelled much; he may have visited all the countries of Europe, and the civilized nations of the East; he may have observed the manners of many barbarous races; but here is something altogether different from everything which he has seen, either among polished men or among savages. Here is a community politically, intellectually, and morally unlike any other community of which he has the means of forming an opinion. This is the really precious part of history, the corn which some threshers carefully sever from the



chaff, for the purpose of gathering the chaff into the garner, and flinging the corn into the fire."\*

The distinction here indicated respecting the significance of facts, and their dependency and relations, is one which Mr. Macaulay appears to have studiously observed in his own writings. In all his biographical delineations, he seizes, as we said, upon whatsoever is intrinsically essential to the portraiture of the individual; and on whatever, in the way of event or circumstance, contributed to the formation of his character, or the advancement or diversification of his fortunes. In his historical criticisms, he aims, in like manner, at presenting an image of the times to which his inquiries belong — regarding not so much what is styled "the dignity of history," as what tends to exhibit the actual form and features of society. Thus, the love-letters of Lady Temple are, in his estimation, of more importance than the government dispatches, or the records of parliamentary debates, belonging to the era; inasmuch as, "of that information for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events," a great deal more is to be derived from such a set of letters, than could ever be extracted from ten times their bulk of ordinary state-papers. "To us, surely," says he, "it is as useful to know how the young ladies of England employed themselves a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favorite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favored suitors — as to know all about the seizure of Franche Comté, and the treaty of Nimègue. The mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world; and a series of letters, written by a virtuous, amiable, and sensible girl, and intended for the eye of her lover alone, can scarcely fail to throw some light on the relations of the sexes; whereas it is perfectly possible, as all who have made any historical researches can attest, to read bale after bale of dispatches and protocols, without catching any glimpse of light about the relations of governments." We might point to many passages in these essays, illustrative of the tact and ingenuity with which the author selects and reproduces the facts he has to deal with, and of the invariable felicity with which he turns them to account, whether in the construction of a narrative or in the development of an argument; but, for present purposes, it may be sufficient to state, generally, that a skilful adaptation of matters of fact is one of the prominent

qualities of his writing, and contributes largely to give both weight and entertainment to his productions.

The amount of instruction to be gathered from Mr. Macaulay's criticisms is very considerable, though their value in this respect will depend on the previous intelligence of the reader. To persons already conversant with literature, and the lives and actions of men of note connected with our history, they do not present much that is new in the way of information; while to such as are but indifferently acquainted with these topics, they may seem to make too great a demand upon the reader's knowledge, in the multiplicity of their allusions, and in the implied assumption of the author, that the matters he is treating of are more or less matters of familiarity. They are, indeed, addressed to persons of liberal education, and presuppose or take for granted such an extent of general knowledge as is usually to be found among people of that description. They aim, however, at presenting more accurate and complete views of the subjects handled than are to be found generally prevailing. They are aids for the formation of opinion on questions more or less open to discussion, or which were so at the time when the writer drew attention to them. We cannot say that in his literary criticisms he has anywhere expounded the principles of literary art, the essential nature of poetry, or any of those abstruse æsthetic difficulties with which scientific critics have of late years been concerned. No such collection of critical maxims could be gathered from his works as might be collected from the conversations, the autobiography, and general writings of the German poet Goethe. It is in the purity of his taste, and in the clearness of his understanding, that his critical strength is most apparent; and it is mainly on these that he relies in forming his judgments of an author's talents and performances. The shape which his judgments often take is simply that of an opinion; such and such a thing is indicated as being in accordance with, or opposed to, his individual notions of what is fitting or appropriate, and sentence is pronounced without a reference to any profounder reasons. But he displays, at the same time, so natural an appreciation of what is excellent, and so ready a perception of what is false or overstrained, that the judgment given is generally one which cannot be set aside, or at least will be only open to some moderate qualification. This apprehension of whatever is true or beautiful, and the instinctive distaste for the contrary, is by no means peculiar to Macaulay; but in no English writer is it more marked or palpable, and in few has it been cultivated to a state of such perfection. The instructiveness of his writings is as much apparent in the influence they are calculated to exert on the intellectual

\* Essay on Sir William Temple.

perceptions, as in the amount of information they convey, or the service to be derived from them in the way of developing the understanding. Indeed, in all these respects they are eminently instructive, and can be confidently recommended to the notice of all persons desirous of furthering their education.

A slight tendency to paradox is observable in some of the disquisitions of our author. For instance, in the review of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, he says, that if Boswell "had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer." This assertion he supports by such remarks as these: "Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. . . . Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. There is not in all his books a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society, which is not either commonplace or absurd. . . . He has reported innumerable observations made by himself in the course of conversation. Of these observations, we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal." This is sufficiently smart writing, but it does not appear to us to be particularly good criticism. It could not be in virtue of his being "a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb," that Boswell was qualified to write one of the best books in the language; this hypothesis carries its own refutation on the face of it. It is one of the plainest of all truisms, that sheer badness cannot, by the nature of it, produce anything that is good. As Mr. Carlyle has observed in relation to this matter: "*Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature *good*." The power of *doing* may be perverted or misapplied; but in regard to Boswell's book, it is not admitted that this has been the case. On the contrary, the work is universally acknowledged to be excellent. We must hold, therefore, with Carlyle, that "Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight,

his lively talent; above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthy in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. None but a *reverent* man — which so unspeakably few are — could have found his way from Boswell's environment to Johnson's; if such worship for real God-made superiors showed itself also as worship for apparent tailor-made superiors, even as hollow interested mouth-worship for such — the case, in this composite human nature of ours, was not miraculous, the more the pity! But for ourselves, let every one of us cling to this last article of faith, and know it as the beginning of all knowledge worth the name — that neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his *badness*, but always and solely in spite thereof."\* Carlyle and Macaulay quite agree in their estimate of the work, both considering it as being, upon the whole, the most interesting production of the eighteenth century. On its merits, however, it would here be out of place to dwell. We have referred to it for the sake of adducing an example of that tendency to paradox which occasionally appears in Mr. Macaulay's writings. Having noticed such a tendency, it will be but fair to say, that, generally speaking, his paradoxes are very harmless. They rarely amount to an actual confounding of truth and error, and need never very far mislead an intelligent and open-minded reader. They have often the air of deliberate affectations, and may be regarded as the playful eccentricities of a lively mind, which, while consciously possessed of power to restrain and command the fancy, at times suffers it to wander into little tricks of waywardness.

The quality of clearness is one which eminently distinguishes Macaulay's compositions. It is this, perhaps, more than anything, that makes them so acceptable to the popular understanding. There are no important difficulties to master before they can be enjoyed; there is nothing perplexing or involved to hinder immediate comprehension. As somebody has said, you may read them as you run. It was not a bad notion of the publisher, to bring them out in a form suitable for railway entertainment. They are admirably adapted to the purpose — provided you happen to be one to whom reading on the railways is at all a possibility. At any rate, wherever read,

\* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv., p. 41-2.

their easy and graceful perspicuity is pretty certain to lead you on pleasantly to the end, without fatigue or prostration of the faculties. Macaulay, among his various qualifications, possesses the highly popular art which he ascribes to Horace Walpole—"the art of writing what people will like to read." He understands, too, that if people are to be expected to read, with any satisfaction to themselves, it is requisite to give them as little trouble as possible in the process. This condition of successful writing he has carefully observed, by always presenting what he has to say in a form of perfect clearness and precision. Contrasting his bright and lucid pages with the cumbrous entanglements of many other writers of mark and reputation, but who are wanting in his felicity of method and expression, it may be seen how immeasurably superior is his manner to theirs, and how largely this one quality of clearness contributes to the pleasure there is in reading what he has written.

There is a certain refinement in Macaulay's style, which forms one of the principal attractions of his writings. This style has undergone some changes since the author began to write. At first elaborately ornamented, it has since become more simple, thereby improving in point of vigor, and being nowise diminished in its beauty. It may be said to be distinguished from the style of other writers by a prevalent sententiousness, a sharp epigrammatic point, rendering it at once lively and effective in impression. It has an air of naturalness, combined with a regular elegance and polish, which is the result of art. It is the style of a scholar who has contracted no pedantries, and of a man of the world, who is a perfect master of the language in which men of the world like to be addressed. It is full of idiomatic turns and phrases, such as are invariably pleasing to persons of strong sense, and of simple, unaffected tastes. Yet, upon occasion, it has a certain stateliness of march, and a glitter of antithesis, which impart to it an aspect of great splendor, and agreeably diversify the easy gracefulness of the less elaborate passages. It is a style of sufficient flexibility to serve for all the purposes of description, narrative, analysis, familiar illustration, or the eloquent expression of felicitous thoughts and fancies—indeed, for all the purposes to which a style can be applied, short of the finer kinds of humor, or the highest flights of poetry. Macaulay has abundance of wit and pleasantry, but nothing that can be properly called humor; and though many passages in his works are eminently poetical, he is not endowed with that creative imagination which is the distinction of the poet. His poetry, as we shall show presently, is the product of a less imposing set of faculties—a product

exceedingly ingenious and beautiful, but yet one that does not spring from the sources of an impulsive inspiration. Macaulay is, nevertheless, a great writer; a man of finely-balanced powers, exquisitely cultivated; one in whom original talent and acquired accomplishment are most successfully combined, and whose literary achievements are accordingly among the finest and most perfect of his generation. In all the subtle graces and delicate felicities of style which depend on taste and training, he is unsurpassed. Many authors write a more *imposing* style, and there may be some who actually surpass him in particular characteristics, but we cannot mention one in whom so many varied excellences are united; not one whose style presents so much force, brilliancy, and purity in such perfect combination.

The passages already quoted from his essays will serve to convey some notion of the style, but they are not calculated to give a fair impression of its general compass and variety. This, indeed, could not be given by any number of fragments such as we are able to introduce into these pages. As an example, however, of the polished simplicity and elegant elaboration distinguishing his manner when employed in picturesque and vivid representation, we subjoin an additional extract—one which, to ourselves, seems very beautiful, and we doubt not will appear so to the reader. It is taken from a review of Southey's edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and forms a sort of summary of the incidents and scenes depicted in that most wonderful of allegories. Worthy old Bunyan—"the prince of dreamers," as Maginn called him—has never had a more enthusiastic and unqualified admirer than the scholarly and accomplished critic, who thus speaks of the imperishable product of his genius:—

"The characteristic peculiarity of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. . . . That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favorite than *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred

times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the chained lions crouching in the porch; the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass, and covered with flocks—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper; the shades of the precipices on both sides fall blacker and blacker; the clouds gather overhead; doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

"Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows; there are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and British Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

"Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river, which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left, branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

"From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor; and beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river, over which there is no bridge.

"All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones; the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money; the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and my Lord Hategood; Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous—all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. . . .

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . . Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced



the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

With this citation, we must close our observations on the *Critical and Historical Essays*, and proceed to the consideration of Mr. Macaulay's poetry.

On this, it is not our intention to say much. One small volume contains all he has written, or, at any rate, chosen to preserve by publication. His *Lays of the Roundheads*, contributed in his college-days to *Knight's Magazine*, appear to have been left uncollected in the pages of that journal; and of the *Lays of the League*, published in the same periodical, he has only reprinted *Iory—A Song of the Huguenots*; and a short fragment, entitled *The Armada*, as examples of those performances. His brilliant reputation as a reviewer and an essayist has obscured the milder shining of his first poetical attempts; and it was pretty well forgotten that he had ever written verses, when, in 1842, he surprised and gratified the public by his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The applause which greeted the appearance of this volume was rather more enthusiastic than discriminating; owing, perhaps, somewhat to the circumstance, that no such work had been expected from the author, and also to the further fact, that, for some years previously, there had been little poetry of any striking merit published. There is no doubt that the *Lays* are masterly productions of this class; but it is quite as certain that they do not belong to the higher kinds of poetry. As a man of poetical genius, Macaulay cannot be said to rank with the greater minds of his age; not with Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, or Shelley, or even with Scott; his position is on some lower elevation, on some ledge or pinnacle of Parnassus, where the air is less ethereal, and where the awful voices of the gods are heard with less distinctness. He is not so remarkable for originality or comprehensiveness of poetic power, as for his skill in dealing with poetical materials. His prominent excellences are those of the gifted and well-practised artist. The Roman *Lays* are forcible and eloquent versifications of ancient Roman legends; but most of the essential poetry they contain belongs rather to the subjects than to the conceptions of the writer. No man sees his object more clearly than Macaulay, or can paint it more vividly to the perceptions of his reader. No one is more studious of the effects of contrast, and the appropriate grouping of events and incidents. No one can surpass him in the art of producing a vivid and picturesque impression. With true poetic sympathy, he projects himself into the scenes and incidents to be described, and depicts them with a minute distinctness, as of one speaking with the authority of a witness. These abrupt martial chants of his do really make us, to some extent, acquainted

with the actual life and manners of the early Romans; with the bravery and fortitude of the Roman character; and the patriotic devotion and fidelity, which was the distinction of the Roman citizen. Some of the singular traditions which make up the early portions of Roman history, and which, before the advent of Niebuhr, were regarded as mere ridiculous fables, Macaulay has here restored to us in shape which can be supposed to resemble that in which they were originally sung by the early Latin minstrels. Identifying himself with these minstrels, and adopting what he conceives to have been the ideas and sentiments by which they were inspired, he has given us spirited versions of the stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Cyps. The style is bold, abrupt, and energetic, and but little tinged with imagery; and the narration proceeds with a rapidity and directness not unlike the hurrying movements of an army in the height of conflict.

The lay of "Horatius" is supposed to have been "made about the year of the city 360," and describes how Horatius, with two companions, defended the bridge across the Tiber, in the face of a large army brought against the city, under the command of Lars\* Porsena of Clusium, in Etruria, for the purpose of re-establishing the kingly family of the Tarquins, whom the Roman people had recently expelled. — "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" is represented to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the Horatius are introduced again, and certain appellations and epithets used in that ballad are purposely repeated; "for," remarks Mr. Macaulay, "in an age of ballad poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things, by every minstrel." This lay is supposed to have been "sung at the feast of Castor and Pollux;" and it relates how the Romans gained a victory over the Latines near Lake Regillus, through being visibly assisted by those deities—the much-honored "great twin-brethren;" and how the feast, in commemoration of their august services, came to be first instituted. Of course, the poet's object, in this and the other ballads, is to furnish us with animated descriptions of Roman scenery and manners, and to illustrate, as thoroughly as possible, the habits, actions, and modes of feeling which characterized the Roman people. "Virginia" is the story of a maiden who was stabbed by her father, to save her from dishonor; and it purports to be "fragments of a lay sung in the Forum,"

\* Lars, lar, signifies a lord or chief.



on the day when certain tribunes of the commons had been elected for the fifth time, in the year of the city 382. It commemorates the reestablishment of the tribuneship as a power in the state, on the downfall of the decemvirate, or Council of Ten, by which Rome, during the ascendancy of the patricians, had been governed and oppressed; the immediate cause of that downfall being an attempt made by Appius Claudius Crassus, one of the Ten, upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. "The story ran, that the decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the tribuneship was reestablished; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death." This ballad, though not the happiest in versification, is perhaps the most interesting of the series. The "Prophecy of Cops" relates to the founding of Rome, and in it the supposed minstrel runs over some of the principal events connected with its early history. Cops is an imaginary seer of the time of Romulus, old and sightless; and his prophecy is represented as being addressed to that personage when he visited the seer, just before his departure from Alba for the purpose of founding a new city. The lay is stated to have been "sung at the banquet in the Capitol, on the day whereon Manius Curius Dentatus, a second time consul, triumphed over King Pyrrhus and the Tarentines, in the year of the city 479." Like all the others, it is written with much spirit, but it is less attractive than the rest, on account of its lacking the interest which attaches to personal exploits and adventure. Romulus is too remote and too hypothetical a being for human sympathy to be concerned with; whilst the war with the Tarentines is referred to in terms too vague and general to make anything approaching to a powerful impression. This may very well accord with the shadowy peculiarities of prophecy, but it unquestionably impairs the interest of the ballad. The collection altogether, however, forms a lively representation of some of the most prominent features of Roman life and manners, as far as such a picture can be rendered from the legends and traditions in which the primitive facts of Roman history are embodied.

It has been observed that, to be properly appreciated, Mr. Macaulay's ballads must be

read continuously; their merit is not to be seen in isolated passages, but lies in the substance and progressive interest of the story, and in the spirit and animation with which it is developed. The only way of furnishing a fair specimen of the *Lays*, would be to quote one of them entire; but as their length, and other obvious reasons, preclude us from doing this, the best method open to us seems to be that of selecting from some given ballad such passages as can be detached, and connecting them with a prose epitome of the remainder. The lay of "Horatius" appears best adapted to such a plan; and in this way we accordingly proceed to deal with it.

It opens with the announcement that Lars Porsena had sworn by the "Nine Gods" to restore "the great house of Tarquin;" and he accordingly sends messengers to call together, from the several towns and villages of Etruria, all the people capable of bearing arms, naming a day on which they were to assemble, preparatory to the march to Rome. His commands are instantaneously obeyed:—

The horsemen and the footmen

Are pouring in amain

From many a stately market-place,

From many a fruitful plain;

From many a lonely hamlet,

Which, hid by beech and pine,

Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest

Of purple Apennine.

From many places specified by name; the united forces amounting to fourscore thousand foot and ten thousand horsemen. "Thirty chosen prophets," esteemed "the wisest of the land," are officially consulted respecting the prospects of the enterprise, and they with one accord encourage Porsena to proceed with it, and promise him a "return in glory." Meanwhile, from all the country about the Tiber, the people, in tumult and consternation, hastily take flight to Rome; and for two days and nights the roads, for a mile around the city, were stopped up by the multitude. Aged folks on crutches, women with young children, sick men borne on litters, and troops of sunburnt husbandmen with staves and reaping-hooks, and droves of mules and asses laden with skins of wine, and endless flocks of cattle, and trains of wagons, creaking beneath the weight of household goods; these, in thick confusion and impatience, throng for entrance at the gates. From the Tarpeian rock, the pale burghers behold at midnight the line of blazing villages which marks the advances of the enemy; and every hour some hasty horseman comes in with new tidings of dismay. Eastward and westward, the whole country is ravaged and burnt up; the fortress of Janiculum\* is stormed, and the guards thereof are

\* Janiculum was a hill beyond the Tiber, which had been incorporated within the city, and fortified as an outpost, or bulwark, against Etruria.

slain; and now the way is clear for the destroying foemen right up to the Tiber bridge. In haste, and with aching hearts, the consul and the senate go down to the River-gate, and there hold "a council standing;" short time, indeed, there was for "musing or debate;" and the consul instantly decides that "the bridge must straight go down;" for Janiculum being lost, nothing else could save the city. Just then, a scout comes in to say, that "Lars Porsena is here;" and the consul, turning his eye westward, perceives the storm of dust which is raised by the army on its march. And nearer comes the whirlwind of its motion; and louder and more distinctly, from underneath the rolling cloud, is heard the sounding of the trumpets, and the trampling and the nameless hum, that announce the nearness of a multitude. "In broken gleams of dark-blue light," a long array of spears and helmets is gradually discerned, and the banners of proud chiefs rise high above; and, higher than all, is seen the "banner of proud Clusium." The warlike lords of many cities are seen and recognized; and among them is Lars Porsena, in an "ivory car," with Mamilius, Prince of Latium, riding by the wheel on one side, and on the other "false Sextus, that wrought the deed of shame," alluding to the outrage on Lucretia. The presence of Sextus excites the scorn and curses of the Romans.

A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the house-tops was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed:  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.

But the brow of the consul was sad, and his speech was very low; for he discerns that the van of the enemy is likely to be upon them before the bridge goes down, and that, unless something can be done to check their progress, and so gain a little time, there is no chance left of keeping them out of possession of the town.

"Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the Gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods;

"And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest;  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast;  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame—  
To save them from false Sextus,  
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon straight path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

Spurius Lartius, and strong Herminius, step forward, and offer to support him in the undertaking, and the consul expresses his approval.

"Horatius," quoth the consul,  
"As thou sayest, so let it be."  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless three.  
For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold;  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb, nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

While the three are tightening on their harness, the consul and the people proceed to break down the bridge; and meanwhile the Tuscan army advances slowly to the spot where the dauntless three stand waiting to oppose the entire host. Presently three chieftains from the hostile ranks confront them, and are instantly struck down, and slain by the brave Romans. Many others follow, and fall in like manner. Horatius, however, gets wounded in the thigh, whereat the Tuscans for a while rejoice; yet he still stands up with his companions, and the three successfully defend the bridge against all assailants, until such time as the people behind them have loosened it ready for falling. As it hangs tottering above the stream, the Fathers call loudly to Horatius and the others to come back before it drops:—

Back darted Spurius Lartius;  
Herminius darted back;  
And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
They felt the timbers crack;  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the further shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,  
Fell every loosened beam;  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream:

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind ;  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
"Down with him !" cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face.  
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see ;  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus nought spake he ;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home ;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

"O Tiber ! Father Tiber !  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day."  
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank ;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain ;  
And fast his blood was flowing,  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows ;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Ne'er, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place :  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ;  
"Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town !"  
"Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena,  
"And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom ;  
Now on dry earth he stands ;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night ;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high ;  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folks to see—  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee :  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home ;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow ;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit ;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close ;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume ;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom ;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

The reader must acknowledge these to be strong and stirring verses, bespeaking a fine talent in the author, such as entitles him to no mean place among his poetical contemporaries. Excepting the metrical romances of Scott, we know of no poetry devoted to war-like subjects which can justly be considered more vigorous and excellent. Indeed, in many of the nicer touches of execution, Macaulay surpasses Scott, and turns his matter to a more graceful and adroit effect than Sir

Walter could have done. His versification is in general more flexible and fluent; rugged phrases and bald expressions less frequently occur; and, upon the whole, Macaulay may be said to have given the ballad-form of poetry a more polished and finished shape than it had ever reached in the hands of preceding writers. Of the specific worth of such poetry, there need be little said. It is plain that it makes no appeal to the more profound interests or emotions of human nature; it reveals no great or influential truths; it enforces no lofty views of man and his relations; it is simply a refined divertissement—a beautiful and pleasant product of the fancy, fit for the entertainment of a vacant or a pensive hour. But it is not to be overlooked, that it has no pretensions to a higher aim; although, such as it is, it completely fulfils its purpose. Nor let it be ever said, that the time spent in reading it is thrown away; for, in presenting attractive pictures of ancient nobleness, in the sympathy which it excites for deeds of heroism, generosity, and faithfulness, it does unquestionably communicate a portion of that influence by which men are stimulated to kindred deeds and virtues. The tone that pervades the *Lays* is eminently healthful, robust, and manly: it has something of the old Roman *virtus* in it—manliness, hardihood, intense appreciation of whatever becomes a man; and he assuredly deserves well of the community who, in enervated and artificial times, infuses into it any portion of that old invincibility of mind and spirit, or even arouses it to a temporary admiration of any of the memorable manifestations of such a temper. Something of this service the *Lays of Ancient Rome* are calculated to render; and they are further valuable, as having a tendency to counteract that feeble superfineness of sentiment and imagery which has become too much the characteristic of our recent poetry. Young poets would do well to study diligently these homely and but little-adorned productions, and learn how incomparably more effective is a chaste and vigorous simplicity of style and diction, than can be any profusion or display of elaborated ornament.

In his *History of England*, Mr. Macaulay has purposed to write the history of our country, from the accession of James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. The two volumes that have been issued present us with a rapid survey of the condition of Britain under the various forms of social life and government which it underwent from the invasion by the Romans to the accession of the Stuarts; followed by a comprehensive account of the origin of the disputes which brought Charles I. into collision with his parliament—the wars and confusions that succeeded—the Protectorate of Cromwell—the Restoration and the reign of

Charles II.—and the final contest between king and people, which resulted in the memorable Revolution of 1688. The second volume closes with the proclamation of William and Mary; and, as the preliminary sketch occupies but little more than half a volume, the work, so far as it has proceeded, may be properly accounted a history of the great constitutional struggle which led to the expulsion of James II., and the settlement of the crown upon the Prince of Orange. In subsequent volumes, the author purposes to relate “how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity, of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit, fruitful of marvels which, to the statesman of any former age, would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England—not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V.; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.”

But, in connection with these triumphs, he considers it not the less his duty to record faithfully the disasters which the country has at intervals sustained, as well as the great national crimes and follies which are more humiliating than disasters. He conceives, however, that “the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years, is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.”

In one important respect, this history differs materially from all preceding histories in the

language. The author thinks he should very imperfectly execute his task if he were "merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament." Accordingly, he observes, "It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government; to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts; to describe the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste; to portray the manners of successive generations; and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

We believe it is generally admitted by the most competent judges that, in the portion of the work already published, Mr. Macaulay has executed his difficult undertaking with extraordinary ability and success. It has indeed been objected, that he has only succeeded in presenting his readers with a graceful and entertaining narrative; and that, as regards the suggestive and instructive uses of historical delineation, the book is commonplace and superficial. We presume that, being as it is to a certain extent a party history, it will be some time before its actual proportions of merit and defect will be generally apprehended and acknowledged. It may interest some, however, to learn what was the opinion of such a critic as the late Lord Jeffrey. "I deny utterly," says he, "the two propositions — first, that Macaulay has aimed chiefly at interesting and entertaining his readers; and second, that he has (either studiously or indolently) put them on a scanty allowance of instruction, admonition, or suggestion. As to the last, I will maintain boldly . . . that no historian of any age has been so prodigal of original and profound reflective suggestion, ay, and weighty and authoritative decision, also, on innumerable questions of great difficulty and general interest; though these precious contributions are not ostentatiously ticketed and labelled, as separate gifts to mankind, but woven, with far better grace and effect, into the net-tissue of the story. And then, as to his aiming only to interest and amuse, I say first, that though he has attained that end, it is only incidentally, and not by aiming at it as an end at all; and, second, that, in good truth, it is chiefly by his success in the higher object at which he did aim, that he has really delighted and interested his readers. The vivacity and color of his style may have been the first attraction of many to his volumes; but I feel assured that it is the impression of the weight, and novelty, and clearness of the

information conveyed — the doubts dispelled — the chaos reduced to order — the mastery over facts and views formerly so perplexing, and now so pleasingly imparted, that have given the book its great and universal charm, and settled it in the affections of all its worthy admirers."\*

With regard to the political objects of the work, and to the principles it is designed to illustrate, Lord Jeffrey remarks further: — "I take it, that it was with a view to certain great truths that this history was undertaken; and these, which I think it has made out beyond all further contradiction, are — first, the *intolerable and personally hateful* tyranny of the Stuarts; second, the *absolute necessity* of at least as radical and marked a revolution as was effected in 1688; and third, the singular felicity with which that revolution was saved from the stain of blood, and all crimes of violence, by the peculiar relation in which William stood to the dynasty, and the still more peculiar character and European position of that great prince. Had he not been in the line of succession, we should have had an attempt at a new commonwealth, and another civil war; and had he not been partly an alien, and looking more to European than merely English interests, the victory in that war must have been of one section of the people over another, with all the rankings and aggravated antipathies which the mere predominance of a sort of neutral party, or common umpire, tended to suppress and extinguish. These points I think Macaulay has made out triumphantly; and not by eloquent and lively writing, but by patient and copious accumulation, and lucid arrangement of facts and details, often separately insignificant, but constituting at last *an induction*, which leaves no shade of doubt on the conclusion. This book, therefore, has *already*, in the course of three little months, scattered to the winds, and swept finally from the minds of all thinking Englishmen, those lingerings of Jacobite prejudice, which the eloquence and perversions of Hume, and the popular talents of Scott, and other writers of fiction, had restored to our literature, and but too much familiarized to our feelings, in the last fifty years. This is a great work, and a great triumph; and ought, I think, so to be hailed and rejoiced in. All *convertible* men must now be disabused of their prejudices, and all future generations grow up in a light round which no cloud can again find means to gather."†

This criticism, though of the defensive sort, may be accepted as a fair and sensible estimate of the prominent merits of the work.

\* Jeffrey's *Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii., p. 459.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 460-1.



Of its few inaccuracies of fact, of its occasional dogmatism, and of the insufficiency of the judgments given on certain questions respecting which differences of opinion are still inevitable, there is nothing to be said which would be likely to profit or interest the reader. These are questions which demand of readers a familiar acquaintance with the sources whence the materials of the history are drawn, and may for the present be left to the consideration of those who have time and opportunity for minute investigation. Our object throughout has been to exhibit the leading peculiarities of Macaulay's genius; to state the nature, and point out the most striking characteristics of his writings, and to prepare the uninitiated to enter on the study of them with an intelligent appreciation. This object we have now in some sort accomplished, and we accordingly leave the reader to extend his knowledge of these writings as opportunity may admit; distinctly assuring him, that the time and attention required for their perusal will be amply repaid.

ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL RINGS. — We have been favored with a copy of a catalogue, drawn up, for private reference, by Mr. Crofton Croker, of an interesting collection of rings and personal ornaments in the possession of Lady Londesborough. The collection consists of two hundred and fifty objects of personal ornament, the nucleus of which was formed by Mr. George Isaacs — rings, bracelets, shulwa, and gems, British, Gallic, German, Italian, Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, and others; and Mr. Croker's notes, with their curious and entertaining information about rings — talismanic, cabalistic, episcopal, or pontifical, signet, gemmel, and betrothal rings — convey some relish of the pleasure to be derived from actual inspection of her ladyship's jewel-case.

"That objects at the first sight so apparently trivial as rings should engage the attention of the curious," says Mr. Croker in a pleasant prefatory letter addressed to Lady Londesborough, "is not remarkable to any one who has examined the learned and instructive though incomplete work of Licetus on the subject, with the works of Goriæus and Goria; although it must be acknowledged that they contain much more respecting the ancient gems which were set in rings than respecting the ring itself. However, so important was this branch of goldsmithery considered in the middle ages, as to invest a body of artists with the distinctive title of *aneliers*.

"Nor should the claims that the ring has on our regard, through the vast cycle of ages over which its history extends, be forgotten — its power and its poetry; its alliance with religion and with love; with chivalry and commerce; with magic and the superstitious speculations of our forefathers; its influence upon art and alchemy or chemistry, and their combined power upon the science of manufactures and medicines.

Viewed under any of these several aspects, volumes might be written upon the ring, and the amount of thought or ingenuity of fabrication which,

Through climes and ages,

have been bestowed upon personal decoration.

"But, madame, beyond all the rings and personal ornaments which you now possess, or hereafter may become possessed of, let me refer you to the one plain gold ring which you constantly wear. I believe it to be, as far as cordial feelings in union with sacred rites can hallow any ring, a gift far more precious than the most costly tiara of diamonds could possibly be, and more valued as a pledge of affection than the whole collection which repose in Marie-Louise's casket." [The collection, purchased from Mr. Isaacs by Mr. Croker for Lord Londesborough, in 1850, and subsequently augmented by his lordship, is now contained in the jewel-case of the Empress Marie-Louise.] — *Spectator*.

APPLICATION OF A CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY. — It has long been known to physiologists that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possess the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when M. Roulin speculated on what might have been the consequences of administering colored articles of food to silkworms just before spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful — he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by the silkworms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many colors. — *Times*.

*Outlines of Scripture Geography and History*; illustrating the Historical Portions of the Old and New Testaments. Designed for the use of Schools and Private Reading. By Edward Hughes, F. R. A. S., &c.

A well-executed compilation; the matter derived from the best travellers in the East, and the more remarkable descriptions quoted in their own words. The outlines, however, are rather a series of short papers on the places mentioned in Scripture, than a "geography" in the school sense of the term. Perhaps the Ante-Abrahamic period is too fully gone into. — *Spectator*.

From the Economist.

### THE ASYLUM OF THE WORLD.

WE do not know whether there was any foundation for the assertion of the *Times*, that some foreign governments were about to show such a degree of futile and foolish irritation as to apply to Great Britain for the expulsion of the refugees from various countries who have sought safety on our shores; — but most assuredly, if there has been any such intention, the firm, manly, and temperate language of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on Tuesday night will have sufficed to prevent its being carried into execution. In reply to an inquiry from Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Palmerston (in the absence of Lord John Russell) said: —

In answer to the question of the Noble Lord as to whether an application has been made by foreign powers to the government of this country for the expulsion of foreign refugees now living in the United Kingdom, I have to state that no such application has been made. In reply to the other question of the Noble Lord, as to what course would be pursued in the event of such an application being made, I can only repeat that which I think has been stated on former occasions in this house, that any such application would be met with a firm and decided refusal. It is, indeed, obvious that it must be so, because no such measure could be taken by the government of this country without fresh powers by Act of Parliament; and I apprehend that no government could, even if they were so inclined — and the present government are not so inclined — apply for such a power with any chance of success, inasmuch as no Alien Bill, I believe, within the course of this century has been passed ever giving to the government the power of expelling foreigners, except with reference to considerations connected with the internal safety of this country. The British government has never undertaken to provide for the internal security of other countries; it is sufficient for them to have the power to provide for the internal security of their own. But I cannot confine my answer simply to that statement. I will ask to be allowed to add, that while, on the one hand, the British laws, and the spirit of the British constitution, give to foreigners of all political opinions and of all categories, a secure and peaceful shelter within this country, I think that those foreigners who avail themselves of the hospitality of England are bound by every principle of honor, as well as by every regard, not only to international law, but to the law of this land — are bound to abstain from entering into any intrigues, or from pursuing any courses intended for the purpose of giving umbrage to foreign governments, and of disturbing the internal tranquillity of any foreign countries.

Every sentiment of this terse, vigorous, and well-considered answer will be echoed by all ranks and classes, whatever be their party connections or political predilections. Lord Palmerston has spoken the mind of the whole

nation. We have often thought of late that Englishmen were growing so lazy, so sensible, and so unsensitive, that nothing short of a slap in the face would rouse them into indignation, or win from them anything beyond a gentle and a pathetic smile. But if anything less startling could awaken us from our torpor, goad us to put forth our whole strength, and unite us all as one man to repel insult or aggression, it would be a proposal on the part of the triumphant autocrats of Europe that we should violate the duties of hospitality towards the victims of their oppression and the fugitives from their vengeance.

The absurdity of such a demand would be only equalled by its ungracefulness. With what face could a proposal that we should refuse asylum on our shores to proscribed and outlawed politicians be made by men who have themselves sought and found protection here when the fortunes of war or of civil contest went against them? What! we have sheltered in their hour of need those whose conduct had outraged every feeling of our nature and every principle of our creed, and are we not to shelter in their turn those with whom we sympathise from the very bottom of our hearts! We have opened our doors to the escaping guilty: — are we to close them on the flying unfortunate? We have stood between the oppressor and the popular vengeance which he had long courted and at length aroused; — are we not to stand between the oppressed and those who would pursue him into the sanctuary and seize him at the very horns of the altar? We received Louis Napoleon, though we could not suppress our contempt at his silly and miserable descent upon Boulogne, and though his attempt had been against the throne of a close, and then a faithful, ally. We received Charles X., though he had forfeited his throne by an attack upon that liberty of the press which we cherished as our dearest privilege. We received Louis Philippe, though he had deceived us meanly, and though the demand which upset him was "Parliamentary Reform." We offered a refuge to Metternich, though the policy which he had long pursued and for which he was compelled to fly was one which we abhorred from our inmost soul. We sheltered even Ledru Rollin with his associates, though we loathed his brutal doctrines and his sanguinary plans; we sheltered him, though the *attentat* for which he was obliged to fly was rather a crime against society than a mere political offence; we shelter him still, though he has repaid our hospitality by pouring out his frothy venom against our nation and our institutions. And, finally, we should again afford the protection of our island (if it were again needed) even to the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of France — possibly even to the Pope and the King of

Naples — though we hold the first to be a lawless despot, and though words can do but feeble justice to the detestation with which the last is regarded at every English hearth.

And having done all these things — questionable perhaps and certainly against the grain — are we to abstain, at the bidding of those whom we so thanklessly served, from similar charities, when we can render them with a clear conscience and a ready will! Having harbored — and sinned perhaps in doing so — the fugitives from freedom, are we to be debarred from harboring also the fugitives from oppression — and thereby atoning for our previous misplaced benevolence? Are we to warn away Kossuth and Mazzini from their last asylum? It was natural enough that the former reception of the Hungarian Patriot in this country should have given umbrage to the Austrian authorities, for it was ostentatious, noisy, and unprecedented in its enthusiasm and spontaneity. In that popular display we did not join, nor did many of the higher classes of Great Britain; for, while acknowledging the great powers of the Magyar Leader, his wonderful eloquence, his earnest patriotism, and the love and almost worship with which he is regarded by his countrymen at home — we believed then, and believe still, that to his injudicious zeal in proclaiming the severance of Hungary from Austria and the establishment of a republic, may be traced all the calamities which have subsequently overwhelmed that unhappy country — the intestine divisions which lost their cause, the interference of Russia, the surrender of Vilagos, and the destruction of their ancient liberties. But the majority of the British people, who received Kossuth with such exuberant welcome, did not enter into these considerations; they merely knew that he was the idol of the Hungarian people, and their chosen governor; that the Emperor of Austria, by perjury and violence and foreign aid, had trodden down a constitution similar to our own, and had violated hereditary rights as sacred and as long-descended as those of which we make our boast; and that of this constitution and these rights Kossuth had been the representative and the defender. They expressed their sentiments as Englishmen are wont; and we can well imagine that their acclamations must have been gall and wormwood to the cabinet at Vienna. But that is now an old story. Since his return from America, the Magyar Chief has been silent and unnoticed — keeping his own counsel, and biding his own time; and there is not the slightest evidence that he had the remotest concern either with the outbreak at Milan\* or with the attempted assassination at Vienna.

\* Since the proclamation published in his name turns out a forgery.

With regard to Mazzini the case is still stronger. England has shown him no sympathy, invited him to no *fêtes*, cheered and strengthened him by no popular encouragement; it is even believed that she owes him atonement for a great wrong committed some years ago. She has merely given him, what she has given to his worst and meanest enemies — shelter. He has lived among us in the most profound retirement — avoiding all public appearances — his very residence known only to a few intimate friends. What he may have done in the way of correspondence, exhortation, secret planning, we know nothing, and the Austrian government have not been able to discover. While among us he has conducted himself, in all respects and to all appearances, as a peaceful and well-conducted citizen: — and this is all that we are concerned with or have a right to inquire about. If he has been the originator of the outbreak in Lombardy, at all events he has not directed it from England; he appears to be somewhere in or near Italy, and the Austrians must look after him themselves.

While, however, we are prepared to defend the right of asylum against all assailants and impugnors, we are bound to say that that right is abused and endangered by those refugees who seek our shore, not for safety, but as a fortress from which, secure themselves, they can prepare plots against our neighbors and allies. Such conduct is indelicate, ungenerous, and dangerous. Our laws and customs give us no means of watching or controlling such behavior. In case of any overt act we can and do interfere. If any of these refugees were to procure or send out arms and ammunition, or to fit out vessels for a descent upon foreign shores, we should be bound at once to arrest both the proceedings and the culprits — and we should assuredly do so with the utmost promptitude. It is not alleged, however, that any of the obnoxious refugees who have found shelter with us have proceeded so far as this. Once, and once only, so far as we are aware, has anything of the sort been attempted with success — and in that instance the conspirator was the present Emperor of the French! Still, though our institutions and our feelings both forbid interference with or surveillance over those who have sought refuge with us, these fugitives ought to feel that every consideration of position, of honor, and of prudence, forbids them to make use of the shelter afforded them to carry on machinations or conspiracies against States with which we are at peace and amity. It is hard, no doubt, that they should be prohibited from the great solace of an exile life; it is painful to feel that their hands are tied, their time wasted, and their faculties idle and rusting; it is irritating to think that they can no longer aid their fellow-country-

men who have remained at home in their struggles for the common cause:—*but these are the tacit conditions on which a place of refuge has been afforded them.* If they were not prepared to accept it on such conditions, they should not have sought it, and they should now quit it:—only on the shores of a nation at war with their oppressors, or amid the concealments and fastnesses of their own land, can they honorably or conscientiously plot, conspire, or levy war against the rulers who have defeated them. If, from the shelter of Claremont or of Brighton, Louis Philippe had planned and procured a counter-revolution in France, or Metternich had arranged an expedition against Hungary—we certainly should have held neither of them guiltless;—and we are not disposed to have one rule for them and another for their rivals and antagonists.

From the Examiner, 5th March.

#### THE REFUGEE QUESTION.

If the great events of late years have been remarkable for the production of few material results, they may at least be considered to have established some striking and salutary truths. Of these there is none more fully demonstrated than the idleness of seeking to bring about revolution by conspiracy. From 1815 to 1848 Germany could show an interminable series of conspiracies; France was not less fertile in them; and we now know that not one of them succeeded. Premature explosion and treachery invariably disclosed such plots, which had simply the effect of implicating and causing the deaths or exile of many brave men. But if individual parties have thus proved signally powerless in bringing about great political changes or catastrophes, the unanimous sentiment of a people uniting in abhorrence of a system of government, or in detestation of a prince or of a line of princes—when a mere accident has occurred to ignite that popular combustible—has been found to defy alike precaution or resistance, and to carry all before it, both thrones and their defenders, with a violence and fulness of destruction unexampled in ancient times.

If the question be asked how Charles the Tenth, or Louis Philippe, or King Frederic, or the Emperor Francis, could have saved themselves from the terrible revolutions which in some places definitively, in others for a time, overturned their thrones—can it be answered that any vigilance of police, any elimination of dangerous characters, any exile of turbulent and seditious persons, either from their own dominions or from those of their neighbors, would in the least have contributed to strengthen their position, or secure it against

the coming convulsion! The fact is, that in the universally civic organization of ancient times, as well as of those Italian states which occupy so large a portion of modern history, conspiracy was really a powerful and efficient mode of operation. But in our later systems of government, whether representative or merely monarchical, with populations of millions to appeal to, depend upon, disgust, or conciliate, anything like individual conspiracy must dwindle into insignificance, unless it be identified with that great conspiracy into which a whole people silently enter without consulting each other, and from the mere tacit sympathy of common resentment and disaffection. If rulers would but look to this large conspiracy and appease it, without idly inquiring who are its chiefs, for in fact it has no chiefs, they would be doing something towards the consolidation of their thrones.

No better proof of the folly and futility of conspiracy could be adduced than the late outbreak at Milan. But it is at the same time a proof of the equal futility of the police system opposed to it; and these blockheads of Austrian jailers and police, who cannot do the work for which they are paid, though to do it they are empowered to tyrannize over the finest country in the world, are said to be about to come to us to ask Englishmen to perform their police work for them, and to issue edicts of proscription against Mazzini and Kossuth, as if their own miserable systems of exaction and tyranny did not create Kossuths and Mazzinis in every village, or as if leaders could ever be wanting when the inevitable folly of such governments gives the signal for a starting up from oppression.

Does any one believe that either Kossuth or Mazzini at present obtain anything in England in aid of their designs beyond that general protection which is extended to every exile? The mere question is preposterous. They draw no force from this country. Whatever forces or whatever resources they may have or command must come from their respective countries, not from England; and if so derived, the Austrian cabinet is answerable for it, not England. Nor do we see that the *locus standi* for conspiracy is better here than in America. If Mazzini sailed from London to Genoa, as is alleged, he must have employed from fifteen to twenty days in the voyage. One-half of that number of days would have brought him from the United States. The exiles of European liberty there are now, when at Boston, as near to the seat of their exploits and to the populations over whom their influence is dreaded, as thirty years ago they were when living in some humble suburb of London. Will the despots of Europe, after striving to induce England to banish from its shore every man guilty of the crime of patriotism or the heresy of constitu-



tionalism, pursue and complete their quest of intolerance by asking the republicans on the other side of the Atlantic also to rob their country of its right to be the asylum of the persecuted and the unfortunate! If they do not this, they do nothing, for the dreaded conspirators will even there still be within ten days' sail of Europe.

But all such diplomatic efforts may be spared. There is fortunately no enactment at present in force that gives an English Government the power to send away the exile from its shores; nor is there a man of influence in Parliament inclined to ask for any such power. If any government had a right to complain or take offence at the governments of other countries for giving asylum to political exiles driven from its dominion, it would certainly be Russia, whose ministers have seen, ever since 1830, fugitive Poles tolerated in England and more than tolerated in France. With what face can Austria and France now come forward to demand from England a violation of that very privilege of offering asylum, which both France and England have determinedly refused to Russia during a long series of years!

Absurd and untenable as such pretensions are on the part of Austria, coming from a ruler of France, and such a ruler as the present, they are as monstrous as ridiculous. We will not dwell on the fact of the emperor, when he was M. Louis Bonaparte, enjoying an asylum in this country, and profiting by it to make bandit forays against France. Examples adduced from his past life have little weight on his decisions at present. But let us consider his position. He holds supreme power by having come in between the death-struggle of two opposed parties and classes, and he keeps power by virtue of their enduring enmity. Both, however, are at bottom decided enemies of his, and no doubt they will do their utmost to overthrow him. Both, let us add, taken together, make the better part of France. They comprise all the upper and intellectual class of society, and all that is energetic or distinguished in the lower. To carry out his demands upon us, therefore, Napoleon the Third must require of England to punish and banish every Frenchman who belongs to these classes. Such wholesale proscription on our part would be in the first place impossible, and in the next place would be useless. France abounds with the political enemies of the emperor, those of the upper class, and those of the lower; get rid of them he cannot; for every second man he meets is in one category or the other. He may forbid association; he may render communication by post unsafe; he may call his police to arrest every gentleman, and every artisan, who utters a hasty ejaculation in the street; but prevent his enemies from living

in France, even in Paris, or from meeting and communicating at every corner of every street, and in every saloon which has a door to open or to close, this he cannot do. He could only effect such a purpose by massacring one half of the French people. All the materials of conspiracy are therefore in France, under the very nose of the French emperor; and that similar materials should exist in England cannot add to the danger. Napoleon the Third has chosen a volcano for his throne; and having done so, he really cannot ask us to put out our household fires and extinguish our hospitable virtues, lest a spark from them should fly over and ignite the mass of combustibles on which he has chosen to repose.

From Household Words.

#### PERFIDIOUS PATMOS.

THE natural place of refuge for a hunted man is an island. None but those who have known what it is to be pursued from place to place, who have been aware of such and such blood-hounds upon their track, of such and such scouts waiting at given points to lead them down to death or captivity, can form an idea of the feeling of security engendered by the knowledge that there is between them and their enemies a bulwark far more impregnable than any gabion, glacis, bastion, or counter-scarp, that Vauban ever dreamed of, in the shape of a ring of blue water. So islands have been, in all ages and circumstances, the chosen places of refuge to men who could find no rest elsewhere for the soles of their feet. Patmos was the elected asylum of St. John the Apostle. In Malta, the last Christian knights of Palestine, driven from their first island refuge — Rhodes — found a haven of safety, and founded a city of strength against the infidels. The expiring embers of the Druidical priesthood smouldered away in the impenetrable groves of the island of Anglesey. The isles of Greece were the eyries of poetry, and art, and liberty, when the mainland groaned beneath the despotism of the thirty tyrants. The Greeks located their paradise in the islands of the blest. Madeira spread forth, pitying, protecting arms to two fugitive lovers. Charles Edward hid in Skye. Once within the pleasant valleys of Pitcairn's Island, Jack Adams and the mutineers of the Bounty felt secure and safe from courts-martial and yard-arms. There is a hiding-place for the pursued of sheriffs in the island of Jersey and in the Isle of Man; in which latter insular refuge Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, sheltered the last remnants of the cause of the Stuarts against Oliver Cromwell. The dogs of Constantinople found protection from the sticks and stones of the men of Stamboul in an island in the Bosphorus. The last of the



London marshes staunchly defy drainage from the strongholds of the Isle of Dogs; and there is a wall of strength for the choicest London fevers, and the dirtiest London lodging-houses, against Inspectors Reason and Humanity and their whole force, in and about the mud embankments of Jacob's Island.

But, chief and preëlect of islands on which camps of refuge have been built, is the one we are happy enough to live in, the Island of England. There are other islands in the world, far more isolated, geographically speaking, far more distant from hostile continents, far more remote from the shores of despotism. Yet to these chalky cliffs of Albion, to this Refuge misnamed the Perfidious, come refugees from all quarters of the world, and of characters, antecedents, and opinions, pointing to every quarter of the political compass. The oppressor and the oppressed, the absolutist and the patriot, the butcher and the victim, the wolf and the lamb, the legitimist as white as snow and the *montagnard* as red as blood, the *doctrinaire* and the socialist—men of views so dissimilar that they would (and do) tear each other to pieces in their own lands, find a common refuge in this country, and live in common harmony here. The very climate seems to have a soothing and mollifying influence on the most savage foreign natures. South American dictators, who have shot, slaughtered, and outraged hecatombs of their countrymen in the parched-up plains of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, roar you as mildly as any sucking doves as soon as they are in the Southampton water—make pets of their physicians, and give their barbers silver shaving-dishes; pachas of three tails, terrible fellows for bowstringing, impaling, and bastinadoing in their Asiatic dominions, here caper nimbly in ladies' chambers to the twangling of lutes; hangers of men and scourgers of women forego blood-thirstiness; demagogues forget to howl for heads; and red republicans, who were as roaring lions in the lands they came from, submit to have their claws cut, and their manes trimmed, drink penny cups of coffee, and deliver pacific lectures in Mechanics' Institutes.

England, then, is the Patmos of foreign fugitives—a collection of Patmoses, rather; almost every seaport and provincial town of any note having a little inland island of refuge of its own; but London being the great *champ d'asile*, the monster isle of safety, a Cave of Adulham for the whole world. It is with this Patmos that I have principally to do.

Years ago, Doctor Johnson called London "the common sewer of Paris and of Rome;" but at the present day it is a reservoir, a giant vat, into which flow countless streams of continental immigration. More so than Paris, where the English only go for pleasure; the

Germans to become tailors and boot-makers; and the Swiss, valets, house-porters, and waiters. More so than the United States, whose only considerable feed-pipes of emigration are Irish, English and Germans. There is in London the foreign artistic population, among which I will comprise French, and Swiss, and German governesses, French painters, actors, singers and cooks; Italian singers and musicians; French hairdressers, milliners, dressmakers, clear-starchers and professors of legerdemain, with countless teachers of every known language, and professors of every imaginable musical instrument. There is the immense foreign servile population; French and Italian valets and shopmen, and German nurses and nursery-maids. There is the foreign commercial population, a whole colony of Greek merchants in Finsbury, of Germans in the Minories, of Frenchmen round Austin Friars, of Moorish Jews in White-chapel, and of foreign shopkeepers at the west end of the town. There is the foreign mechanical, or laboring population; French, Swiss, and German watch-makers, French and German lithographers, Italian plaster-cast makers and German sugar-bakers, brewers, and leather-dressers. There is the foreign mendicant population; German and Alsatian buy-a-broom girls, Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, French begging-letter writers (of whose astonishing numbers, those good associations "*La Société Française de Bienfaisance à Londres*," and "The Friends of Foreigners in Distress," could tell some curious tales may be), Lascar street-sweepers and tom-tom pounders. There is the foreign maritime population; an enormous one, as all men who have seen Jack alive in London can vouch for. There is the foreign respectable population, composed of strangers well to do, who prefer English living and English customs to those of their own country. There is the foreign swindling population; aliens who live on their own wits and on the want thereof in their neighbors; sham counts, barons, and chevaliers; farmers of German lotteries, speculators in German university degrees, forgers of Russian bank-notes, bonnets at gaming-houses, touts and spungers to foreign hotels and on foreign visitors, bilkers of English taverns and boarding-houses, and getters-up of fictitious concerts and exhibitions. There is the foreign visiting or sight-seeing population, who come from Dover to the Hôtel de l'Europe, and go from thence, with a cicerone, to St. Paul's, Windsor, and Richmond, and thence back again to France, Germany, or Spain. Lastly, there is the refugee population; and these be mine to descant upon.

The Patmos of London I may describe as an island bounded by four squares; on the north by that of Soho, on the south by that of Leicester, on the east by the quadrangle of

Lincoln's Inn Fields (for the purlieus of Long Acre and Seven Dials are all Patmos), and on the west by Golden Square.

The trapezium of streets enclosed within this boundary are not, by any means, of an aristocratic description. A maze of sorry thoroughfares, a second-rate butcher's meat and vegetable market, two model lodging houses, a dingy parish church, and some "brick barns" of dissent are within its boundaries. No lords or squires of high degree live in this political Alsatia. The houses are distinguished by a plurality of bell-pulls inserted in the door-jambs, and by a plurality of little brass name-plates, bearing the names of in-dwelling artisans. Everybody (of nubile age and English) seems to be married, and to have a great many children, whose education seems to be conducted chiefly on the extra-domal or out-door principle.

As an uninterested stranger, and without a guide, you might, perambulating these shabby genteel streets, see in them nothing which would peculiarly distinguish them from that class of London streets known inelegantly, but expressively, as "back slums." At the first glance you see nothing but dingy houses teeming with that sallow, cabbage-stalk and fried fish sort of population, indigenous to back slums. The pinafores children are squabbling or playing in the gutters; while from distant courts come faintly and fitfully threats of Jane to tell Ann's mother; together with that unmeaning monotonous chant or dirge which street-children sing, why, or with what object, I know not. Grave dogs sit on door-steps — their heads patiently cocked on one side, waiting for the door to be opened, as — in this region of perpetual beer-fetching — they know must soon be the case. The beer itself, in vases of strangely-diversified patterns, and borne by Ganymedes of as diversified appearance, is incessantly threading the needle through narrow courts and alleys. The public house doors are always on the swing; the bakers' shops (they mostly sell "seconds") are always full; so are the cookshops, so are the coffee-shops; step into one, and you shall have a phase of Patmos before you incontinent.

Albrecht Lurleibeg, who keeps this humble little *Deutsche Caffee und Gasthof*, as he calls it, commenced business five years ago with a single coffee-pot and two cups and saucers. That was a little before February, 1848. Some few foreigners dropt in to visit him occasionally; but he was fain to eke out his slender earnings by selling sweetstuff, penny dolls, and cheap Sunday newspapers. After the first three months' saturnalia of revolution in '48, however, exiles began to populate Patmos pretty thickly. First, Barbès and Albert's unsuccessful riot; then the escapade of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc; then the wholesale proscriptions of Hungary, Italy, Austria,

Russia, and Baden — all these contributed to swell the number of Herr Lurleibeg's customers a hundred fold, and to fill Patmos to overflowing. The sweetstuff and dolls disappeared "right away," and the coffee-cups and saucers multiplied exceedingly. In addition to this, the Herr caused to be stretched across the single window a canvas blind, on which his name, and the style and title of his establishment, were painted in painfully attenuated letters, with which not yet content, he incited young Fritz Schiftnahl, the artist, with dazzling prospects of a *carte-blanche* for coffee and tobacco, to depict beneath, in real oil colors, the counterfeit presentments of a Pole, a Hungarian, and a German embracing each other in a fraternal accolade, all smoking like volcanoes; the legend setting forth that true, universal, and political brotherhood are only to be found at Albrecht Lurleibeg's.

In the Herr's back parlor — he once designed in the flush of increased business to enlarge it by knocking it into the back yard, till warned, by a wary neighbor, of the horrible pains and penalties (only second to *prémunire*) incurred by meddling with a wall in England — in this dirty back parlor, with rings made by coffee-cups on the rickety Pembroke tables, on the coarsely papered, slatternly-printed foreign newspapers and periodicals, are a crowd of men in every variety of beard and moustache and head-dress, in every imaginable phase of attire more or less dirty and picturesque. Figures such as, were you to see them in the drawings of Leech, or Daumier, or Gavarni, you would pronounce exaggerated and untrue to nature; hooded, tasselled, and bridled garments of unheard-of fashion; hats of shapes to make you wonder to what a stage the art of squeezability had arrived; trousers with unnumbered plaits; boots made as boots were never made before; finger and thumb-rings of fantastic fashion; marvellous gestures, Babel-like tongues; voices anything but (Englishly) human; the smoke as of a thousand brick-kilns; the clatter as of a thousand spoons: such are the characteristics of this in-door Patmos.

Here are Frenchmen — ex-representatives of the people, ex-ministers, prefects and republican commissaries, *Proletaires*, Fourierists, Phalansterians, disciples of Proudhon, Pierre le Roux and Cahagnet, professors of barricade building; men yet young, but two thirds of whose lives have been spent in prison or in exile. Here are political gaol-birds who have been caged in every state prison of Europe; the citadels of France, the *cachots* of Mont St. Michel, the *secrets* of the Conciergerie, the *piombi* of Venice, the gloomy fastnesses of Ehrenbreitstein and Breslau and Pilsnitz, the *oubliettes* of the Spielberg and Salzburg. Here are young men — boys almost — of good families and high hopes, blasted by

the sirocco of civil war. Here are German philosophic democrats—scientific conspirators—who, between Greek roots and algebraical quantities, tobacco smoke and heavy folios in German text upon international law, have somehow found themselves upon barricades and in danger of the fate of Robert Blum. Here are simple-minded German workmen—such honest-faced, tawny-bearded young fellows as you see in the beer cellars of Berlin—who have shaken off their dreams of German unity to find themselves in this back slum Patmos far away from home and friends. Here are swarthy Italians, eying the Tedeschi (though friendly ones) askance, cursing Radetzky and Gyulay, and telling with wild gesticulations how Novara was fought and Rome defended. Here, and in great numbers, are the poor, betrayed, cozened Hungarians, with glossy beards, and small embroidered caps and braided coats. They are more woe-begone, more scared and wild-looking than the rest, for they are come from the uttermost corners of Europe, and have little fellowship save that of misfortune, with their continental neighbors. Lastly, here are the Poles, those historical exiles who have been so long fugitives from their country that they have adopted Patmos with a will, have many of them entered into and succeeded in business, but would, I think, succeed better if the persons with whom they have commercial transactions were able to pronounce their names—those jaw-breaking strings of dissonant letters in which the vowels are so few that the consonants seem to have compassed them round about, like fortifications, to prevent their slipping out.

There are many of these poor refugees (I speak of them in general) who sit in coffee-shops similar to Herr Lurleibeg's, from early morning till late at night, to save the modicum of fire and candle they would otherwise be compelled to consume at home (if home their garrets can be called), and which God knows they can ill spare. About one o'clock in the day, those who are rich enough congregate in the English cook-shops, and regale themselves with the cheap cag-mag there offered for sale. Towards four or five the foreign eating-houses, of which there are many in Patmos of a fifth or sixth rate order of excellence, are resorted to by those who yet adhere to the gastronomic traditions of the land they have been driven from; and there they vainly attempt to delude themselves into the belief that they are consuming the *fricassées* and *ragouts*, the suet puddings and *sauerkraut*, the *maccaroni* and *stuffato* of France or Germany or Italy—all the delightful messes on which foreigners feed with such extreme gusto and satisfaction. But, alas! these dishes, though compounded from foreign recipes and cooked by foreign hands, are not,

or, at least, do not taste by any means like foreign dishes. Cookery, like the *amor patriæ*, is indigenous. It cannot be transplanted. It cannot flourish on a foreign soil. I question if the black broth of Sparta would have agreed with the Lacedæmonian palate if consumed in an English *à la mode* beef shop.

Patmos is likewise studded with small foreign tobacco shops. Limited to the sale of tobacco mostly, for the cigar is a luxury in most cases beyond the reach of the exile. You must remember that abroad you may obtain a cigar as large as an Epping sausage (and as damp), as strong as brandy and as fiery as a red-hot poker, for a matter of two sous:—in some parts of Belgium and Germany for one sous; and that in England the smallest Cuba, of Minories manufacture, smoked in a minute and of no particular flavor, costs three half-pence: a sum! There is, to be sure, a harmless, milk-mild little roll of dark brown color, the component parts of which, I believe, are brown paper, hay, and aromatic herbs, vended at the charge of one penny. But what would be the use of one of those smoke-toys to an exile who is accustomed to wrap himself in smoke as in a mantle; to smoke by the apertures of his mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears; to eat cigars, so to speak! Thus Patmos solaces itself with cut tobacco (which is good and cheap in England), which it puffs from meerschaums or short clays, or rolls up into fragments of foreign newspapers and makes cigarettes of.

If there exist a peculiarity of Patmos which I could not, without injustice, avoid advertising to, it is the pleasure its inhabitants seem to feel in reading letters. See, as we saunter down one of Patmos' back streets, a German exile, in a pair of trousers like a bifurcated carpet-bag, stops a braided Hungarian with a half quatern loaf under his arm. A sallow Italian (one of Garibaldi's men) enters speedily unto them, and the three fall greedily to the perusal of a large sheet of tissue paper, crossed and re-crossed in red, and black, and blue ink, patchworked outside with postage marks of continental frontiers and government stamps. Few of these missives reach their destination without some curious little scissor marks about the seal, some suspicious little hot-water blisters about the wafers, hinting that glazed cocked hats, and jack-boots, and police spies have had something to do with their letters between their postage and their delivery. Indeed, so well is this paternal solicitude on the part of foreign governments to know whether their corresponding subjects write and spell correctly, known among the refugees, that some wary exiles have their letters from abroad addressed to "Mr. Simpson Brown," or "Mr. Thomas Williams," such and such a street, London; and as foreign governments are rather cautious as to how they meddle

with the families of the Browns and the Williams—who grow refractory sometimes and post their letters in the paddle-boxes of war steamers—the Brown and Williams letters reach London untampered with.

More exiles reading letters. One nearly falls over a dog's-meat cart, so absorbed is he in his correspondence; another, bearded like the pard, and with a fur cap like an Armenian Calpack, is shedding hot tears on his out-stretched paper, utterly unconscious of the astonishment of two town-made little boys, who have stopped in the very middle of a "cartwheel" to stare at the "furriner a crying." Poor fellows! poor broken men! poor hunted wayfarers! If you, brother Briton, well clothed, well fed, well cared for—with X 99 well paid to guard you—with houses for the sale of law by retail on every side, where you can call for your half-pint of habeas corpus, or your Magna Charta, cold without, at any hour in the day—if you were in a strange land, proscribed, attainted, poor, unfriended, dogged even in your Patmos by spies; would you warrant yourself not to shed some scalding tears, even in a fierce fur cap, over a letter from the home you are never to see more?

My pencil may limn a few individual portraits in the perfidious refuge, and then I must needs row my bark away to other shores. Stop at forty-six Levant Street, if you please, over against Leg-bail Court.

Up four flights of crazy stairs, knocking at a rickety door, you enter a suite of three musty attics. They are very scantily furnished, but crowded with articles of the most heterogeneous description; *mes marchandises*, as the proprietor calls them. Variegated shades for lamps, fancy stationery, *bon-bon* boxes, lithographic prints, toys, cigar-cases, nicknacks of every description are strewn upon the chairs and table, and cumber the very floor; at one window a dark-eyed, mild-looking lady, in a dark merino dress, is painfully elaborating a drawing on a lithographic stone; at another a slender girl is bending over a tambour frame; at a desk a round-headed little boy is copying music, while in an adjoining apartment—even more denuded of furniture and littered with *marchandises*—are two or three little children tumbling among the card-board boxes. All these movables, animate and inanimate, belong to a Roman Marquis—the Marchese del Pifferrare. He and his have been reared in luxury. Time was he possessed the most beautiful villa, the finest equipages, the most valuable *Rafielles* in the Campagna of Rome; but *la politique*, as he tells you with a smile, has brought him down to the level of a species of unlicensed hawker, going with his wares (to sell on commission) from fancy warehouse to fancy warehouse, often rebuffed, often insulted;

yet picking up an honest livelihood somehow. His wife has turned her artistic talent, and his eldest daughter her taste for embroidery, to account; his son Mithridates copies music for the orchestra in a theatre, for living is dear in London, and those helpless little ones among the card-board boxes must be looked after. He has been an exile for five years. The holy father was good enough to connive at his escape, and to confer all his confiscated estates on a Dominican convent. No one knows what the *politique*, which has been his ruin, exactly was; nor, I am inclined to think, does the good man know very clearly himself. "We got away from Rome," he tells you mildly, "with a few hundred scudi, and our plate and a picture or two, and went to Marseilles; but when we had 'eaten' (*avevamo mangiati*) what we had brought with us, we came to England. It was very hard at first; for we had no friends, and could speak nothing but French and Italian, and the English are a suspicious people, whose first impulse, when they see a foreigner for the first time, is to button up their pockets as if he must necessarily be a thief." But the marquis went to work manfully, forgot his coronet, and is now doing a very good fancy commission business. He has an invention (nearly all refugees have inventions) for curing smoky chimneys, which, when he has money enough to patent it, he expects will bring him a fortune. In the days of his uttermost and most dire distress, he always managed to pay three shillings every Sunday for the sittings of himself, his wife, and daughter, at a foreign Catholic chapel, and to wear every day the cleanest of white neckcloths, fastened on man knows how, for no man ever saw the tie thereof.

Within these sorry streets—these dingy slums—are swept together the dead leaves, the rotten branches, the withered fruits from the tree of European liberty. The autumn blast of despotism has eddied them about from the remotest corners of Europe, has chased them from land to land, has wafted them at last into this perfidious Patmos, where there is liberty to act, and think, and breathe, but also, alas! liberty to starve.

O England, happily unconscious of the oppressions and exasperations that have driven these men here, try sometimes to spare some little modicum of substantial relief, some crumbs of comfort, some fragile straws of assistance to the poor drowning exiles! Their miseries are appalling. They cannot dig (for few, if any, Englishmen will call a foreigner's spade into requisition), to beg they are nobly ashamed. They do not beg, nor rob, nor extort. They starve in silence. The French and Hungarian refugees suffer more, perhaps, than those of other nations. The former have by no means an aptitude for acquiring the English language, and are, besides, men



mostly belonging to the professional classes of society—classes wofully overstocked in England; the latter seldom know any language but their own—a language about as useful and appreciated here as Cochín-Chinese. Only those who have wandered through Patmos, who have watched the gates of the London Docks at early morning when the chance laborers apply for work, who have sat in night coffee-houses, and explored dark arches, can know what awful shifts some of these poor refugees, friendless, foodless, houseless, are often put to.

#### HUNTER'S EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMAL GRAFTING.

MR. BRANSBY BLAKE COOPER, in delivering lately an oration at the Royal College of Surgeons, in memory of the immortal genius, John Hunter, gave the following amusing illustrations of Hunter's peculiar views respecting the blood of animals:—

Hunter had more clearly recognized the great importance of this fluid than any physiologist who had gone before him. His views with respect to the importance of the blood to the animal economy, led him to the belief that the blood was endowed with a life of its own, more or less independent of the vitality of the animal in which it circulated. The following experiments seemed to have been instituted with the view of establishing the fact, that the blood of a living animal could, even under the artificial stimulus induced by the introduction of the part of another animal into itself by ingrafting, nourish and support it, so as to convert it into a part of itself. Hunter transplanted a human tooth to the comb of a cock, where it not only became fixed, but actually became part of the organic structure of the cock's comb; he proved this by injecting the cock's head, and on dissection (as the preparation on the table illustrated), the blood-vessels filled with the coloring matter of the injection were traced into the capillaries of the lining membrane of the cavity of the tooth. The most striking instance of this incorporation of a foreign organic body with a living tissue, was shown by the learned orator in another preparation made by the immortal Hunter, in which the spur of a cock had been removed from its leg and transplanted to its comb, where it not only continued to grow, but had acquired a far greater size than the spur ever acquired in its natural situation. The result of this experiment involved a very interesting physiological inquiry—how the capillaries, which were destined by nature merely to furnish blood fitted for the elaboration of the tissues of the comb, should, under the stimulus of necessity, to use Hunter's own expression, be rendered competent to eliminate the horny matter of the spur, even to the extent of an hypertrophied condition. The orator then took an elaborate review of the digestive organs of various animals, and found that, in

certain instances, they were capable of becoming modified to meet contingencies to which an animal might be exposed, by which change the animal might be rendered capable of existing and even thriving on a kind of food entirely of an opposite character to that originally intended by nature for its support and nourishment, and illustrating which Mr. Cooper mentioned, that Hunter fed a sea-gull (naturally a bird of prey) with grain, and after twelve months he destroyed the bird, and, upon examination, found that its normally membranous stomach had become much thickened, and so changed in character, as to resemble in appearance the gizzard of the granivorous fowl rather than that of a carnivorous bird. Another striking instance of the periodical modification of the digestive apparatus, was found by Hunter in the crop of the pigeon during the period of incubation. This crop, which at other times was similar to that of birds in general, during incubation assumes a glandular character, which enables it, in addition to its ordinary function, to secrete a milky fluid, which is ejected and affords nourishment for its young progeny, rendering the crop, in fact, a kind of mammary gland.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—To a person as highly intelligent and as thoroughly experienced as, notwithstanding her youth, Mrs. Fitzjames certainly was, in all the mysteries of love-making, the importance of a romantic country excursion was perfectly well understood. Had it been required of her, indeed, she would have been perfectly well able, also, to set down, in numerical proportion, the respective value, in this line, of every occurrence likely to be produced by the accidents of human life. For example: supposing the sum-total of 1000 to be the amount required for the achievement of any given conquest, she would systematically have set down the relative value of every separate manœuvre somewhat in this wise: first sight, under all advantages of dress, 100; under disadvantage of ditto, but not presumed to be actually disfiguring, 50; morning occupation, with hands ungloved, and hair hanging in disorder (nicely arranged), 60; caught reading a newly-arrived review (if the chase be literary), 25; transcribing music, if he be musical, 150; a ball well-lighted, with a good reposing-room, 70; fancy-dress ditto, 160; caught singing an Italian bravura, or a French ballad, if you have a voice, and he has ears, 175; to be seen at early church, if he be a Puseyite, 77; at an evening lecture, if he be an Evangelical, 77; to be seen darning stockings, if he be a rich miser, 100; to be seen embroidering in gold and seed-pearls, if he be a poor elegant, 100; a picnic, everything being *couleur de rose*, 50; ditto, with a storm, 75; ditto, with a moon, and a little dancing after, 150; ditto, when matters are tolerably far advanced beforehand, 200. And so on, with an infinity of items, every one of which would have shown an admirable knowledge of the human heart.—*Uncle Walter, by Mrs. Trollope.*



From the Flushing Journal.

#### THE LAST OF THE WESTCHESTER GUIDES.

On the evening of Sunday, the 21st of November last, at his residence in Fordham, Andrew Corsa departed this life at the age of nearly 91. He was born on the 24th day of January, 1762, where the Roman Catholic College of St. John now stands, on the farm occupied by his paternal ancestor, a native of Germany, who settled on the Manor of Fordham about the year 1690. Both his father and grandfather were natives of the same spot with himself. The latter was born in 1692, about the time of Governor Fletcher's arrival in the colony, after whom he was named Benjamin Fletcher. When the revolutionary troubles commenced, Captain Isaac Corsa, the father of the subject of this notice, held a commission under the crown, and, like most persons similarly situated, espoused the royal side throughout the great controversy. But parental authority was not sufficient to keep the young Andrew long within the limits of the ancient allegiance, and about the middle of the war, his strong inclinations in favor of American independence overcame every other consideration, and he commenced an independent career by rendering important services to the guides and scouting parties that approached the British lines, whether for attack or observation. Minutely acquainted with all the passes about Kingsbridge, Fordham and Morrisania, and withal of a disposition sprightly, intelligent and communicative, his services were anxiously sought for, when, in the summer of 1781, after the allied forces had been encamped upon the heights of Greenburgh about two weeks, Washington and Rochambeau made ready for a formidable movement, with a select portion of their army, towards the lines of the enemy. Preparatory to this operation, Count Mathieu Dumas, the two brothers Berthier, and several other young officers belonging to the French staff, who had, for some days, been zealously engaged in exploring the ground and roads and in sketching maps of the country between the allied camp and Kingsbridge, were ordered by the French commander to set out before daylight, and to push their examinations till they came within sight of the enemy's most advanced redoubts, at the northern extremity of New York island. To protect these youthful adventurers, a strong detachment of the lancers of Lauzun was sent along under Lieutenant Kilmaine, a young Irishman in the French service, who some years afterwards became a general of division and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best cavalry officers in Europe. The command of the whole party was bestowed upon Dumas, while the celebrated Cornelius Oakley of

Whiteplains was selected to act as the principal guide, accompanied by his cousin James Oakley and young Corsa. Below Mulesquare the reconnoitring party formed a junction with a select body of American light-infantry who on the same morning had gone down to explore the ground on the right, and the two allied detachments then attacked and dispersed a strong patrol of Delancey's Refugees, and soon afterwards assaulted and drove across Kingsbridge, the Chasseurs that occupied the Hessian outposts;—pursuing the fugitives till they came within musket-shot of Prince Charles' redoubt. This reconnoissance established in favor of Kilmaine and of the elder Berthier—the latter of whom was afterwards a Marshal of France under Napoleon, and Prince of Wagram and Neufchâtel—reputations for partisan skill and intrepidity that led to their subsequent preferment.

A few days later occurred the grand reconnoissance which was made on the 22d and 23d of July by the American and French commanders and engineers, supported by 5,000 troops of the two nations, for the purpose of examining with precision the British posts on New York island between the Hudson River and the Sound, and of cutting off, if possible, such of the enemy's corps as might be found upon the main. Young Andrew Corsa's intelligence and exact knowledge of the country about the British lines were such that his services were again earnestly sought for upon this occasion; and during both these days he was constantly on horseback, riding and conversing with Washington, Rochambeau, Lauzun, and the other generals of the combined army, while they passed through the fields of Morrisania, Fordham and Yonkers, halting from time to time as they moved along for the purpose of enabling the engineers to examine the grounds along Harlem river and Spuytenduyvil creek. He used to relate that when the allies, marching from the east near the Bronx, and passing over the high grounds around Morrisania house, came in sight of the enemy, the fire which the British artillery opened upon them from the fortifications at Randall's island and Snakehill, from the batteries at Harlem and from the ships of war at anchor in the river, was terrible and incessant, and, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, which became suddenly predominant—he urged his horse forward at full speed and rode for safety behind the old Morrisania Mill. Here he pulled up and, looking back, saw Washington, Rochambeau, and the other officers riding along calmly under the fire as though nothing unusual had occurred. His self-possession now returned, and, ashamed at having given way to an impulse of fear, he at once pricked back with all the rapidity to which he could urge his horse, and resumed his place in the order of march; while the

commanding officers with good-natured peals of laughter, welcomed him back and commended his courage.

Mr. Corsa knew personally every individual of that celebrated band of volunteers called the "Westchester Guides," of whom he himself was the last and youngest, and he was among the most confidential friends of the heroic Abraham Dyckman, who fell prematurely at the close of the revolutionary contest. Possessed of a memory unusually retentive and residing constantly upon the borders of the "neutral ground," he was acquainted with all the distinguished partisans both from above and below, and with nearly all the military operations, whether great or small, that occurred along this portion of the British lines, and which, until within the last few days of his life, he continued to describe in minute detail.

Upon the conclusion of the revolutionary war, his father's lands, by a compulsory sale, passed out of the family, and, although without any means at the time, he did not hesitate to purchase, with money borrowed upon mortgage, a contiguous farm, which industry and good management enabled him, not many years after, to disencumber. Much engaged in the cultivation of fruit for the market, he was particularly successful with the apple and pear; discovering and introducing into use a new variety of the latter which bears his name, being known distinctively as the *Corsian Vergaloo*.

For many years he was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church at Fordham. His death was preceded by none of the diseases to which humanity is heir, and he ceased to exist only because he was worn out by toil and time. The machine which had been set in motion by its divine constructor, and which had gone on for more than fourscore years and ten, "at last stood still," and the weary occupant sought a better habitation. His memory continued unimpaired until nearly the close of his existence. Among his survivors are eight children and numerous other descendants. Simple and patriarchal in his manners, a zealous, generous and useful friend, neighbor and citizen; — estimable and upright in all the relation of life; — Andrew Corsa deserves to be held in honorable remembrance.

#### JONATHAN PEREIRA, M. D., F. R. S.

JAN. 20. Died at his residence in Finsbury-square, in his 49th year, Jonathan Pereira, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., and F.L.S. Physician to the London Hospital.

Dr. Pereira was born of humble parentage, in the parish of Shoreditch, on the 22d May, 1804, and received his education at private schools in that vicinity. He was articulated at

the age of fifteen to Mr. Latham, an apothecary, in the City Road; but his indentures were cancelled, in consequence of his master falling into a state of mental incapacity. In 1821 Pereira became a pupil at the General Dispensary in Aldersgate Street, where he attended the prelections of Dr. Clutterbuck on chemistry, materia medica, and the practice of physic; those of Dr. Birkbeck on natural philosophy, and those of Dr. Lambe on botany. In the following year he entered to the surgical practice of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. While thus engaged, a vacancy occurred in the office of apothecary at the Aldersgate Dispensary; and in order to qualify himself as a candidate it was necessary that he should at once proceed for examination to Apothecaries' Hall. This he did on the 6th of March, 1823, and procured its license when he was only eighteen years of age. In the same month he was appointed to the Dispensary, and we may date his illustrious career from that time. His salary was only 120*l.* per annum; and, with the view of increasing his income, he formed a class for private medical instruction, which he had but little difficulty in doing, as the lectures at the Dispensary were largely attended. His success in this undertaking was very great, and he thought it desirable to publish a few small books on the subjects in which he found his pupils most deficient. These were a translation of the "Pharmacopœia" for 1824, with the chemical decompositions; the "Selecta & Prescriptis," a manual for the use of students; and a general Table of Atomic Numbers, with an Introduction to the Atomic Theory." These works were published in the course of the years 1824, 5, 6, and 7; they had a very extensive sale, and two of them are in existence at the present time.

In the year 1825 he passed the College of Surgeons, and in the year following he succeeded Dr. Clutterbuck as a lecturer on chemistry. At that time he was only twenty-two years of age, but his appearance was commanding, and he therefore looked much older. His first lecture was given to a large class of pupils and friends. It was eminently successful, and he received the warm congratulations of his numerous admirers. Then, as ever afterwards, he sought to dazzle by the novelty of his facts and the profusion of his illustrations. His lecture-table was covered with specimens, and, among other things, he exhibited the new element, bromine, which Bolard, of Montpellier, had just then discovered.

In the course of a year or two after that time, he began to collect the facts for his "Materia Medica." He saw that the whole subject of pharmacology was involved in the greatest confusion, that its principles were misapprehended, and that its doctrines were

founded in absurdity and conjecture. From this chaos and darkness he determined to relieve it. Accordingly, he commenced a diligent search for all the facts of the science; he studied the ancient fathers of physic, and made himself master of the literature of his subject, from the earliest period of history; he collected the works of English writers, and he undertook the study of French and German, in order that he might read those of the Continent. At that time he devoted his whole energies to the subject, and worked for about sixteen hours a day. He was accustomed to rise at six in the morning, and to read, with but little interruption, until twelve at night. This he continued to do for several years; and had he not been possessed of an iron constitution, of great physical endurance, and of a most determined purpose, he would unquestionably have sunk under it. As it was, the closeness of his application occasioned several slight attacks of epilepsy, and a frequent determination of blood to the head. After a short time, he began to give lectures on *materia medica*, as well as on chemistry, at the Dispensary.

In the year 1832 he married, resigned his appointment in favor of his brother, and commenced practice as a surgeon in Aldersgate Street. In the year following he was elected to the Chair of Chemistry in the London Hospital. For a period of six years he lectured both there and at the new Medical School in Aldersgate Street on three subjects—namely, on Chemistry, Botany, and *Materia Medica*; and during the whole of each winter session he was accustomed to give two lectures daily. His lectures on *materia medica*, which extended over a period of two years, from 1835 to 1837, and amounted to 74 in number, were published by his friend, Dr. Cummin, in the late Medical Gazette. There cannot be a doubt that they greatly added to his reputation; they were translated into the German, and republished in India. In 1839 he reproduced them in another form, viz., in his "Elements on *Materia Medica*," and this work was so much appreciated that the whole of the first part was bought up long before the second was ready for delivery. A second edition was therefore immediately called for, and it appeared in the year 1842. Before this date, however—viz., in 1839—he had been chosen examiner in *Materia Medica* in the University of London; and in 1841 he had been elected assistant-physician to the London Hospital. He took his degree of M.D. at Erlangen in 1840, and he obtained his license at the College of Physicians directly afterwards. About the same time he was invited by some of the authorities of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to lecture at the medical school of that institution, and the arrangements for his so doing had been al-

most completed, for a syllabus of the course was actually published; but, when it was notified to him that he would be required to give up his other appointments, he refused to relinquish his position at the London Hospital, at which institution he had experienced great kindness. He immediately afterwards, however, gave up the Aldersgate School.

In 1842 he gave two short courses of lectures at the rooms of the Pharmaceutical Society, and in the year following he was appointed its first professor. During that year he published "A Treatise on Food and Diet," and was placed on the council of the Royal Society, of which he had been elected a Fellow in 1838. By that time, his practice as a physician had become rather extensive, and, as it was rapidly increasing, he determined to throw aside his more scientific pursuits. Accordingly, in 1844, he resigned a part of the course of chemistry at the London Hospital into the hands of Dr. Letheby; in 1845 he gave up a larger portion of it; and in 1846 he relinquished it altogether. He continued, however, to lecture on *materia medica* at both the hospital and the Pharmaceutical Society, and there is no reason for believing that he contemplated any change in this matter until the new regulations of the Apothecaries' Society transferred his course to the summer session. This arrangement interfered with his usual habits, and also with his ideas of the importance of the subject, and consequently, in 1850, he resigned his lectureship at the hospital, though he still continued to deliver a winter course at the Pharmaceutical Society. In 1845, he was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and in 1851 he became a full physician at the London Hospital. He had now reached the summit of his ambition; his reputation as an author was established, and the rewards of industry were falling thick about him. He was a fellow of many scientific societies; he was in constant communication with the learned of all countries; he was intimately connected with many of the greatest institutions of the metropolis, and was, in fact, their brightest ornament; he had collected around him a large circle of friends and admirers, and he saw before him the prospect of wealth and happiness. In the midst of all this, however, he was stricken down, and that so suddenly, that he had hardly time to take leave of those who were about him.

While referring, some six weeks before his death, to a specimen in the museum of the College of Surgeons, he had the misfortune, by a fall on the staircase, to rupture one of the extensor muscles of the thigh. Though unable to move about without assistance, he was scarcely affected in health by the accident, and it appeared to be comparatively of little moment; but on the night of Thursday the

20th Jan., upon being lifted into bed, the patient suddenly raised himself, exclaiming, "I have ruptured a vessel of the heart," and died in half an hour. His body was buried at the cemetery of Kensal Green, in the presence of a large number of his pupils.

A retrospect of the labors of this distinguished physician will show that he was a man of no ordinary capacity. He had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, an indefatigable spirit, unbounded industry, and a determination of purpose that was irresistible. Whatsoever he did he did well, and he therefore made his performances as valuable to others as they were creditable to himself. The great peculiarity of his works is, that he aimed more at bringing within our reach the treasures of other men's minds, than of exposing those of his own. He has, indeed, been charged with a want of originality, and, most certainly, if we estimate him by the value of his own independent researches, he is open to such a charge; but it must also be admitted that it is an equally useful element of the human mind, that faculty which urges men to gather up the scattered facts of science, and to mould them into a shape that may be made available to all.

Dr. Pereira was an early riser, of quick business habits, and remarkable for his promptness and rapidity of action. He manifested great willingness at all times to impart to others the knowledge he himself possessed; and he was in the habit of corresponding fully on subjects on which his opinions were solicited. The smallest favor that contributed to his researches was always gratefully acknowledged; and whether it proved to be insignificant or of value, the intention was alike prized. Dr. Pereira was reckoned by pharmacologists both at home and abroad to be preëminent in his science, and he was equally beloved by all. He was a man of large and powerful stature, and of pleasing expression of countenance.

Dr. Pereira was occupied in completing the third edition of his "*Materia Medica*" at the time of his decease. The first volume was published in 1849, and in 1850, owing to the length to which the work had already extended, the author determined upon publishing a portion only of the Second Volume, the remainder of which remains to be printed. It has been translated into German, and is universally allowed to be the best and most trustworthy book on medicinal substances that has been written.

OUR SAVAGE CUSTOMS.—To ensure Peace with our French neighbors we should not only mend our manners, but reform our customs.

How absurd, as well as impolitic, it is of us to interpose a duty which is nearly prohibitive between their clarets and our ports!

To be linked with any foreign nation in the bonds of amity, we must hook the padlock of peace to the staple of production.

Our harbors would be in small danger of French round shot, if we allowed them to throw in their grape.

England is right in requiring Englishmen to do their duty in time of war; but it is quite another policy to make Frenchmen pay it in time of peace.

If it were generally known how good *Chablis* is with oysters, the force of the above considerations would be so apparent, that the Peace Society would transfer their present exertions to the abatement of the duty on light wines; and that the motion to that end, about to be proposed in the House of Commons, would be carried by acclamation. — *Punch*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

#### A VALEDICTION.

As flowers that bud and bloom before us,  
Then droop in languor and decay,  
As clouds that form their bright shapes o'er us,  
Then speed their trackless course away,

As sparkling waves we watch advancing,  
That melt in foam beneath our gaze,  
As sunlight o'er the waters glancing,  
That smiles, and then withdraws its rays

As summer insects, to their night-homes wending,  
Sweep by us with a hum of melody,  
As gentle showers on the earth descending,  
Gem for a fleeting space each shrub and tree —

So pass away the gifts and joys of earth;  
Frail as the rose, the cloud, the wave as fleeting,  
We scarce can welcome happiness to birth,  
Ere some sad note of change arrests the greeting.

The hopes we build, the friends we prize,  
The visioned schemes our hearts delighting,  
How do they vanish from our eyes!  
The real our joyous fancies blighting.

The scenes we love Time marks with change,  
And gladsome hours have no abiding,  
And friends o'er land and ocean range,  
The earth's wide space our lot dividing.

But shall we therefore shun the pleasant things  
This else too barren wilderness adorning,  
And give to joy and gladness swifter wings,  
Shielding our hearts in cold and selfish warning?

No! for the memory of delights that leave us  
Lingers — a welcome echo of the past.  
No! for through all the myriad ills that grieve us  
Hope struggles on, consoling to the last.

And through life's varied scenes and hours departed,  
Its mingled heritage of joy and pain,  
One solace ever clings to the warm-hearted,  
Affection can live on — and friends may meet again.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### CLUBS AND CLUBBISTS.

WE are rather surprised that, in the present dearth of literary subjects, no enterprising caterer for the public appetite has attempted a scientific history of the rise and progress of Clubs. The field of inquiry is a vast one; and the subject might be treated either in an antiquarian, a political, a moral, or a social point of view. We trust the hint may be taken; and we shall look out for the appearance of such a work with great interest. For ourselves, we may as well confess at once that we are not in possession of any historical information which might serve as the groundwork for a treatise of that nature. We are not prepared with any data to prove that clubs were among the institutions familiar either to the Greeks or the Romans; nor are we anxious to exhibit our ingenuity by arguing that the Preceptories of the Templars and Knights of St. John ought to be referred to that class of establishments. We take our definition from old Johnson, himself a notorious clubbist, and understand that the term ought to mean — "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions." In these words you have the description of a perfect club. But — alas for human weakness! — it is well-nigh impossible to construct a club, of which all the members shall be good fellows. Notwithstanding the asseverations of proposer and seconder, and in spite of the scrutiny of the ballot, some men who have no title to the endearing name will necessarily get in. Constitute your society as you may — fence it with what rules you will — you must not expect to escape without the average proportion of jolterheads, misanthropes, and bores. You must be content to endure their presence as a tax upon your other comforts; and it is perhaps just as well that, in this as in other matters, you should meet with an occasional annoyance to counterbalance the amount of fruition. Johnson's club, we admit, was one of the best ever formed. It was small and select, and composed of highly gifted and educated men — but those were not the days of club-houses, the erection of which has since revolutionized that branch of social economy. What a difference, for example, between the Beef-steak Club — still, we believe, in existence — and the Carlton and Reform, gigantic political caravanserais!

They cannot be classed or considered under the same category.

We remember the time when the female voice was raised, in rather shrill remonstrance, against the institution of those clubs, as so many direct seductions from the charms of the domestic hearth. That cry, we apprehend, is now very nearly silenced. Experience has shown that the great majority of British husbands are none the worse for having a place of occasional resort, where they can hear the news and mingle with their fellows — nay, we are decidedly of opinion that the clubs have wrought a marked improvement in many points of minor morals. A club is, out of all sight, a better place than a tavern; and as men must necessarily meet for the interchange and communication of ideas, it is surely better that they should have a well-regulated place of meeting, than be forced to congregate in houses where they are expected to be unnecessarily jovial. We believe that the club-houses have mainly contributed to remove the reproach of deep-drinking from the present generation. The old tavern-club unquestionably led to an enormous deal of conviviality. On the night of their weekly or monthly meetings, every man came prepared — yea, determined — to imbibe to the utmost of his capacity. To remain sober was to commit treason against the fundamental laws of the society; and many a well-disposed Christian, who would rather have passed the bottle, was compelled to dispense with heel-taps. This, it will be admitted, was a most abominable custom, and loudly called for reformation. It has been reformed. In all good clubs, drinking is at a discount; and instead of fostering late hours, they have the opposite tendency. Still, there is room for great improvement. In all clubs, except those in London which are essentially political, where latitude must be allowed, regulations should be made and enforced for early closing, and evacuation of the premises. There can be no difficulty about effecting the latter object. A fixed hour for the stoppage of supplies, and another for the inexorable extinguishment of the lights, would be sufficient to settle the business, and disperse even the jovial knot of *habités* who frequent the smoking-room. Such arrangements would tend greatly to remove the objections which, we fear, even now lie dormant in many a female bosom, and would deprive some miserable catiffs of the mean excuse



which they are now wont to proffer to their wives in extenuation of their irregularities. George could no longer aver with unblushing effrontery, and without the risk of contradiction, that he had been detained at "the club" until four o'clock in the morning; and who knows but that, with the temptation, the unwholesome habit would subside?

We have heard it said that the comforts of a club are hostile to the interests of matrimony, inasmuch as they indispose bachelors from taking that most important step in life. We do not think there is much foundation for this idea. It is not from amongst that class of men who loiter away their existence at clubs, that we would advise any young woman to expect or accept a husband. Your thorough club man is, in reality, a being of exceedingly limited ideas. He is a member of a diminutive republic, in which he wishes to enact a conspicuous part; and he gradually weans himself from the concerns of the world, to concentrate his whole attention upon the affairs of the establishment. The resignation of the club-master is more to him than a change of dynasty. He would make louder moan for the apotheosis of the butler than for the defeat of Lord Aberdeen; and he feels a deeper interest in the career of his own waiters than in that of any of the waiters on Providence, who are tolerably numerous about St. Stephens. The great object of his ambition is to be nominated one of the house-committee; and he enters into as many intrigues for this high aim as ever did Fouché in the plenitude of his cunning. Once on the committee, he becomes a perfect Dionysius. His high sense of moral responsibility inparts to him an almost diseased acuteness of vision;—the waiters tremble at his approach, and shake before the authority of his call. If you have any ground of complaint, you cannot do him a greater favor than make him the confidant of your wrongs. Be sure you will receive ample justice as though the question concerned the safety of the nation, not the overdoing of a miserable chop. We think it extremely problematical whether any woman could be happy with such a being. We are not, indeed, of the number of those who maintain that it is beneath the dignity of a man to exercise any kind of surveillance over his household—so far from that, we would have him act like a wise general, who is cognizant of the disposition of the whole troops under

his command. But as it is not the business of a general to be punctilious about pipe-clay, perpetually prying into haversacks, and examining the contents of canteens, so neither is it the duty of the master of a house to superintend in person the details of every department. To him alone exclusively belong the key and custody of the wine-cellar. The remainder of the bunch ought to be confided to the care of his helpmate. Now we cannot help fearing that our extreme clubbist, if married, would assert a larger prerogative. If so, his could not be a happy home; for either the lady will rebel, as we think she is entitled to do for the honor of housewifery; or she will subside into a placid state of indifference, and be all day on the sofa reading novels, whilst her spouse is in the lower regions. We cannot conceive any lower depth of degradation to which a man can descend, than is implied by his personally undertaking the daily dole of tea, sugar, soap, and candles. Better to be an Ethiopian at once, than pry into the mysteries of a washing! Yet such things have been, and are; and we have known men of some repute in the world, who absolutely prided themselves on the practice of this systematic infamy.

It is a very erroneous, though general idea, that all men ought to marry. Some there are whom nature evidently designed for celibacy, and these naturally take to the clubs as their proper sphere. Can any one fancy Major Pendennis in the bonds of hymeneal wedlock? And yet how many Pendennises have we all seen and known! Nor let it be supposed that the age of the major was by any means the sole obstacle. Not a week elapses but the apparition of some older bridegroom convulses the countenance of Hy-men. Take twenty years and more from the shoulders of the major, and you would find him still the same. He never had a heart to give away—what heart he had, he reserved cautiously to himself; and he would have considered it, in his own phrase, a most hideous sacrifice, and almost dishonor, "to surrender his independence." Under no circumstances could a Mrs. Major Pendennis—though not only gifted like an angel with accomplishments and charms, but with those more weighty recommendations which are the fertile cause of proposals—have been a happy woman. Therefore, better it is that the somewhat jaded veteran should adhere to his

club, wherein he may rank as a nebulous, if not a brilliant star, and perhaps be of more use as a warning than an example to others. For of all pitiable spectacles upon earth, your aged celibate clubbist, aping the language and the gait, and affecting the vices of his juniors, is the most deplorable; and, much as we reverence gray hairs, it cannot be conceded that, in his instance, they constitute a crown of glory, whether openly displayed, or furtively concealed by the ingenuity of an accomplished perquier.

But we have heard it said, of late years — and principally by matrons who have disposable daughters — that clubs are bad places, inasmuch as they indispose young men to attend, as formerly, balls and assemblies, where they had the best opportunity of meeting with the flower of the other sex. Now, this is a point which really requires consideration; and we shall attempt to approach it with all candor and impartiality. We totally disclaim all knowledge of Almack's; and we cast aside, as chimerical, the notion of exclusive circles. There are, of course, many circles of society, some of which are far more difficult of access than others; but there is a generic feature common to them all — and that is the manner and style of the entertainment. If the premier duchess were to give a ball, her example would be closely copied, within a week after, by the dame of a dry-salter; and thus, although the same people may not meet, the same thing is essentially performed. Hamlet is Hamlet, whether acted at Sadler's Wells — now, we are sorry to say, the last refuge for the destitute Shakespeare — or in any barn in the obscurest village-town in the north of England.

We wonder whether it has never occurred to some mortified mother, who for three or four consecutive seasons has paraded her daughters at every ball and fashionable gath-a-ring, and undergone more trouble in helping them to dissipate their natural roses than she ever expended in their education — to ask herself the question whether, after all, she is following the best method of securing, not the happiness of her children, but their settlement in life! It is a very momentous question, but we fear that some mothers never take it into consideration. Having, in their own younger days, passed through the fire before the Moloch of fashion, they take it for granted that there is but one custom to be observed, and one course to be pursued. In

the ball-room they were wooed and won; and why should not their daughters achieve their destiny in the like locality?

Do not — young ladies — spoil the prettiness of your brows by knitting them too hastily and severely before you have heard our argument. We do not intend, by any means, to pronounce an elaborate discourse against the vanities of social society — neither is it our wish that you should attain that cerulean hue, which, as Dickey Milnes, or some other modern poet, tells us, is grateful in the eyes of Minerva. The “purple light of love” — these are not our words, for the blush-rose is the only fit emblem — on your cheeks, is worth all the indigo in the world. We do not desire that you should be over-literary; and we consider a total indifference for science to be an excellent thing in woman. Never shall we forget the area of the female faces that beamed upon us, when, at a late meeting of the British Association, we read our celebrated paper on “The History of the Lost Pleiad.” We saw, as it were, the glittering of a thousand stars; but all of them shot their rays through spectacles. Never, with our consent, shall you be cooped up, or prevented from indulging to the full in the innocent gayety of your hearts. But we have a word or two to say to the mammas.

Madam, when you first came out, or made your *début* — for that was then the term in vogue — do you happen to remember what were the manners of the ball-room? Let us refresh your memory. The staple dance was the quadrille, perhaps not a very lively piece of pantomime, but one which, from its nature, afforded ample opportunity for conversation (you may call it flirtation if you like), and was neither, in its form, too reserved nor too familiar. It was all grace and decorum. It admitted of a slight and tremulous pressure of the hand — nothing more — between parties ripe for declaration; and often, during the pause before the last figure, the attitude of some blushing beauty, plucking unconsciously a splendid camellia to pieces, left little doubt of the nature of those whispers which her partner had been pouring into her ear. Like Margaret in the *Faust*, the sweet girl was but essaying to prove her destiny from the petals of the flower. For those in a less advanced stage of understanding, there was the *contrédanse*, and the reel, with various other gymnastics, all of a harmless nature. But Satan had entered into paradise, though

in a mild form. We may now, our dear madam, recall, without anything like bitterness of feeling, the days when we indulged together in the sweet intoxication of the waltz. It was really—we confess it with a touch of the old Adam—a most fascinating innovation. You danced divinely; and a more clipsome waist than yours we never spanned. Once, indeed, we thought—but no more of that! You married, of your own free will and accord, that red-haired monster M'Tavish, in virtue of his imaginary rent-roll; and, long ago, our agony of mind, like the remembrance of an old toothache, has departed. But it *was* pleasant to revolve, linked with you, over the floor of the Assembly-Rooms when Spindler was in his glory, and when the waltz was kept, at least, within something like decent limits. Long before then, Byron, who certainly was not strait-laced, had published his poem of "The Waltz;" and without subscribing to his views upon our peristrepheic performances, we must needs own that his satire is of double value now.

The waltz, as we danced it, was decent of its kind. No father of a family, we think, whatever be the practice of fashion, can rejoice in seeing his daughter's waist spanned by the arm of some deboshed dragoon, whose advances she can hardly refuse without committing a breach of the idiotical rules which modern usage inculcates. Surely, in a free country, a woman ought to be free in her choice even of a temporary partner; and the base notion which prevails, that a lady, by refusing the invitation of one man to dance, is debared from accepting a more congenial offer, is utterly foreign and repugnant to the rules of chivalry. In the hall, or bower, the ladies are paramount, and they ought to exert their authority—remembering this, the slightest murmur against their decision ought to be considered an offence against knightly courtesy. It would be well if we had a female tribunal, with full powers of expulsion from society, to adjudicate upon such matters.

But not to perpetrate a digression in favor of Provençal usages, let us return to the matter in question. We maintain now, that Lord Byron, writing under the name of Horace Horhem, was fully justified in the utterance of every couplet. The poet is a seer; and though we, perhaps, in our younger days, could descry no impropriety in the waltz, which merely admitted us to a nearer degree of contact than the former Terpsichorean evolutions, the prophetic eye of the bard foresaw the necessary consequence. The character of the waltz gradually became changed. From a graceful rotary motion, it degenerated into a Bacchic movement, similar, no doubt, to the first Thespian performances, which were intended, as scholars tell

us, to be in honor of the young Lyæus. Then came the galloppe, which was a still further manifestation of the triumphal procession of Ariadne. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, now received its virtual death-blow. You saw an infuriated-looking fellow throw his arm round a girl's waist, and rush off with her as if he had been one of the troop of Romulus abducting a reluctant Sabine. Sabina, however, made no remonstrance, but went along with him quite cordially. They pursued a species of bat-like race around the room—jerkling, flitting, backing, and pirouetting, without rule, and without any vestige of grace, until breath failed them, and the panting virgin was pulled up short on the arm of her perspiring partner. Ghost of Count Hamilton! shade of De Grammont! has it really come to this! You knew, in your day, something about the Castlemaines and others; but never did you witness, in public at least, such orgies as British matrons and mothers now placidly contemplate and approve.

This, however, called for a reform; and it was reformed. By what! By the introduction of the polka—the favorite dance, and no wonder, of the Casinos. View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptial dance of Bacchus and Ariadne. Our mothers or grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and he perusing her charms—executing the most ungraceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tomnoddy! No doubt everything is innocent, and the whole dance is conducted—on one side at least—with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we, who have seen the feats of Egyptian Almas almost surpassed in British ball-rooms, may be pardoned for expressing our conviction, that a little—nay, a good deal—more of feminine reserve than is presently practised, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazaar.

Of course, we do not expect that any of the fair Bacchantes will give the slightest heed to what we say. If one of them should chance—tired and languid as she is from the effect of last night's polka, through which she has been hurried in the nervous embrace of Captain Fitzurse of the Dragoons—to peruse these pages, she will set us down as a vinegared old Calvinist, who knows nothing

whatever of the ways of modern society. We shall be likened to John Knox, who once took upon himself the ungracious task of lecturing the Queen's Maries. But neither Mary Seaton, Mary Beatoun, Mary Fleming, nor Mary Livingstone, ever rushed frantically through the halls of Holyrood in the gripe of Chastelar or of Bothwell—indeed, had such been the case, the hands of the grim old barons, their fathers, would instinctively have clutched the poniard. We abuse not dancing—we simply contend against its abuse. The effect of it is just this, that the most inveterate devotees of the polka have the least chance of being married. No man of refinement likes to see the object of his affections prancing wildly in the arms of another. Cupid, as the Americans say, is “a skeary critter;” and a very little matter indeed is sufficient to make him take wing. Let the ladies take our word for it, that reticence is a virtue greatly appreciated by mankind. Many a young man has entered a ball-room with a mind thoroughly made up for an avowal, and left it with the determination to have nothing more to say to the lady whose breath has fanned the whiskers of a whole regimental mess. Among the accomplishments which enter into the matrimonial calculation, dexterity in the polka has but a very subordinate share. Were it otherwise, the simplest method would be to select a partner for life from the ranks of the *corps-de-ballet*. It is the domestic graces and accomplishments that constitute the great fascination of woman; and these can only be seen and duly displayed in the family circle.

We do not wonder, therefore, that young men, if they have no better engagement, should prefer passing their evenings at a club to inhaling the close atmosphere of a ball-room. We cannot even go the length of saying that we consider them worse employed; for every well-conducted club has its library, which is not among the least of its attractions; and, though study, in the strictest sense of the term, is not compatible with the place, it is still not only possible, but very common, to employ the club hours in a profitable and intellectual manner.

Country members, in especial, have reason to bless the idea which suggested the institution of club-houses. Well do we remember the occasion of our first solitary visit to London—the hunt for convenient apartments in cross streets—the low and smoky parlor which, after many futile attempts to obtain decent accommodation elsewhere, we were forced to engage at a most exorbitant ransom—the cat-hole of a dormitory, and the bed apparently stuffed with ropes—the slatternly attendance, the disgusting breakfast, and the myriad hurdy-gurdies in the street. To pass an evening in that den would have tasked the

resolution of Luther. We tried it once; and not to our dying day shall we forget the dreary illumination of the dips, or the sputter of the consumptive fire! Talk not of English comfort in so far as lodgings are concerned! It was nothing short of positive purgatory. But let a man enrol himself in a club, and see how his position is improved. He has still to provide himself with a dormitory, but that is all. He breakfasts, of course, at the club, where every conceivable delicacy is ready at a moment's notice, and the morning papers are on every table. He there receives his letters, and can answer them at leisure. All the periodicals and best new works lie invitingly before him; and if the day is wet, and he has no particular business on hand, he can spend the forenoon there quite as comfortably as if he were in his own mansion. These seem little things; but, in truth, they constitute, as little things do, a great part of our existence. On the Continent things are managed differently. There the hotels are clubs. You get your numbered key from the porter; and, thereafter, until you leave the house, the apartments are emphatically your own. You breakfast, just as you do at a London Club; dine or not, as the fancy moves you, at the *table-d'hôte*, and are in every way your own master. What is of far more importance, when you call for the bill, you do not find it such as to create apprehension of ruin. Now, we do not mean to aver that the accommodation in first-rate London hotels can by possibility be surpassed. If you wish to participate in these comforts, drive to one of the private hotels in the neighborhood of St. James'. You are received at the door by a grave but not saturnine individual, attired in a faultless suit of black, who might very well pass for the *valet-de-chambre* of an archbishop. He conducts you up-stairs to an apartment, luxuriously carpeted, and furnished in the best possible taste. The eye of a critic would fail to detect even the slightest flaw in the arrangement; and your bed-chamber is equally attractive. You have perfect freedom of movement. You are not expected, unless you please to do it, to dine there; and there are no wry faces made, as in the old establishments, where dining and drinking, “for the good of the house,” was considered a part of the contract. Nothing can be more faultless than the whole establishment. There is no sign of the bustle and noise that make a provincial hostelry so offensive. The waiters, like sable Ariels, perform their spiriting gently—enter with a noiseless step—speak with *‘bated breath*—and perform your mandates as quickly and quietly as though you had the wand of Prospero.

One of these private, or family hotels, is just the place to which you should conduct

your bride on a honeymoon visit to London — that is, if expense is no object to you. But for many like ourselves, who, we almost regret to say, are not in the manufacturing or iron lines, but dependent upon our wits or professions — to attempt such localities is little short of bankruptcy, if the experiment is in any degree protracted. Not that your actual consumpt is overcharged, for that is not the case; but when you come to peruse the bill, you begin to understand that Turkey carpets, even in usufruct, are hideously expensive; that Ariel takes tithes, more exorbitantly than any Rector; and that, for the privilege of a fortnight's residence, you are expected to pay at least a year's interest upon the value of the furniture. Also you arrive at the comprehension why wax candles are invariably put down, instead of the lesser luminaries which you employ in your own private abode. Knowledge is always valuable, but you may pay too dearly for it; therefore, on the whole, if your means are limited, we should not recommend you to try the experiment of a West-end private hotel. The cost of a day's entertainment at such an establishment, live as quietly as you will, comes to more than a week's reckoning at Frankfort. It has long been a reproach against us, who are born on the northern side of the Tweed, that we are economical of our "siller." We accept the accusation as a high compliment. We suit our movements to the state of our purses; and, if we do not launch out in extravagance, neither do we swindle. But there is no wisdom in sacrificing to fashion, when you can command the same amount of comfort for nearly one third of the expenditure.

"Clubs!" was the old cry of the followers of Jack Cade, and, in later times, it was a favorite whoop among the London apprentices. Heaven be praised, the word has now no such violent significance in Britain, whatever it may have elsewhere. All of us have heard mention of the Clubs of Paris, which attained such fearful notoriety in the days of the barricades. What were they in outward show? We confess that we feel a good deal of curiosity on that point, and should be thankful for information. Clearly they were not convivial institutions where men ate and drank; for refection never goes hand in hand with revolution, nor malt with massacre. No sanguinary conspirator ever grappled cordially with the tankard. Shakespeare, whose fine perception is never at fault, sufficiently indicates this eternal truth in the conspiracy scene at the house of Brutus, in the play of Julius Cæsar, where the host never once thinks of offering his visitors even a paltry stoup of Falernian. Had their business been of another nature, we should have had the stage direction: "*Enter Lucius with wine;*" and the cheering

invitation of "Sit, sirs, and fill!" would have given a vivacity to the gathering. But conspiracy does its work dry-lipped, and that Shakespeare knew full well. Had the high contracting parties, who arranged the defeat of Lord Derby's administration, taken their claret freely, the fine vinous influence would have been an antidote to the factious poison. But they could not do it. At such a consultation, the best vintage of Lafitte would have tasted nauseously, for there is an honesty in the pure juice of the grape, which even Archemage could not withstand. So the butler had a sinecure; and Trebonius and Metellus Cimber went to bed with nothing stronger than soda-water upon their stomachs, which fact may account for subsequent symptoms of flatulency, and rumors of intestine disorder. But to return to the French clubs. We can't suppose that they were like our own masonic lodges; for in them, as we are given to understand, a wholesome degree of Spartan conviviality is maintained, within the limits of proper discretion; and the only true bond of fraternity is ratified by a temperate cup. We have a vision of these Parisian clubs. We see before us a darkened staircase, up which young Robespierre is led blindfolded — a vestibule with a hideous apparition — some awful metaphysical signals; and then the neophyte is led into a bare room, where the old mummery of the Vehmegericht is enacted. President masked in red — Council similarly veiled in black. Hannibal's altar — more daggers displayed thereon than ever graced the belt of Alessandro Massaroni — a considerable sprinkling of skulls, blue lights, and a blasphemous oath; and then the sworn Socialist is dismissed, without knowledge of the locality where these Eleusinian mysteries were performed, but with a ticket, referring him simply to his immediate captain, whose orders he must obey implicitly, in case he can persuade another idiot to undergo the like infernal baptism. Such is our notion of the French clubs, as gathered from contemporary hints; and really we cannot conceive anything more purely diabolical. But it is a startling fact that such societies have existed for nearly sixty years, in France, in Italy, and, what is more our immediate concern, in Ireland. They may slumber for a time — for snakes hybernate — but they do not die; and always, at the approach of a political crisis, they revive. We are no admirers of the new Emperor of the French, because we do not pretend to fathom his policy, and have no great faith in his pacific declarations; but, in his internal administration, which is all that we have now to deal with, we think that he has acted most wisely in smiting down the clubs at once. A vast deal of nonsense is talked in this country about the freedom of the press. There is no peculiar sanctity, that we know of, in printer's



ink. Treason in types is as bad as, nay, worse than, spouted sedition; and when the press has reached that point of outrageous license which inculcates anarchy and revolution, it is the duty of a government to put it under restraint. Sir Charles Wood, by his recent speech at Halifax, stultified himself as a man, and disgraced himself as a minister of the crown. He demonstrated, what we have all along believed, that he has no knowledge whatever of the posture of affairs on the Continent; and we doubt not that he has, moreover, convinced Lord Aberdeen of the monstrous blunder which he committed by inviting him to become a member of his cabinet. Louis Napoleon is quite competent to conduct his own affairs; and, at all events, requires no advice from so very imbecile a quarter. Of course, it never could occur to Sir Charles Wood to ask himself, how it was that the liberty of the press in France, once so unrestricted, came to be finally abolished! Yet, after all, its present degraded position is to us the strongest proof of the necessity which existed for coercive measures. It is not in the nature of things — it is not within the limits of possibility — that a free press, speaking loyally and constitutionally, could have been put into fetters. It sank into bondage solely because it had been the advocate of anarchy. Swiftly, in states, does retribution follow on the footsteps of crime. But for the revolutionary movements, brought about, in a great measure, through the instrumentality of the French press, that Louis Napoleon, who is now charged with being its violator, never would have had it in his power to stretch forth a finger against it. True freedom can only be maintained by a jealous observance of order. Anarchy begets despotism; and it is as unreasonable for a revolutionist to complain of the consequences of his folly, as it would be for a man who has been experimenting with combustibles in his study, to raise an outcry if his house should happen to be consumed by the fiery element. We, too, have our political clubs; but we are glad to think that, in none of them is there any talk of treason, or hatching of revolutionary schemes. Each of them is the head-quarter of a state party — or was, because we really do not understand how, under the present arrangements, the old distinctions can be maintained. Why should Sir William Molesworth belong to the Reform, and Mr. Gladstone to the Carlton Club? They are both members of one cabinet — are supposed to be acting in strict political concert — and, in truth, must be acting together cordially, if they are honest, which we doubt not. In clubs, indeed, the ministerial hand is divided. One half of them go to the one, and the other half to the other place of resort. The occupants of the Treasury bench, who have been

working all day together, separate amicably in the evening, and form two divisions, one of them enlightening the Whig, and the other the Tory subalterns! Anything more egregiously absurd than this can hardly be imagined; and we need no other argument to convince us that the present coalition is not destined to have long endurance. In this country, so far as our internal regulations are concerned, party is a social tie; and, like all other such ties, it cannot be violated with impunity. The Peelites — we call them such still, in order to indicate the section of men to whom we refer — are chargeable with bad faith in having continued to be members, or rather in frequenting an exclusively political club, after they had ceased to act in concert with the party of which that club was constituted. We say nothing about vested rights of membership, or considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence — all that is fudge. The plain common sense view is, that those gentlemen had seceded from the principles of the club, and they, therefore, ought to have resigned. A clergyman of the Church of England does not lose the benefit of clergy because he joins the Church of Rome; but he is bound, at all events, to leave his mother church — he cannot, at the same moment, be an Anglican and a Romanist. If a member of a tee-total society become converted to the principles of Bacchus, we should hold him inexcusable if he insisted on discussing his bottle, or, mayhap, magnum of port, in the presence of the other members of the Antijolly-dog Club, who can barely carry their chicory. He has infringed the primordial rule; and, though expulsion may not be a declared penalty for his offence, he ought in common decency to retire. We are very desirous to touch upon this matter with extreme delicacy, because, although it has been made the subject of public remark, comment, and correspondence, it is, strictly speaking, a question only proper to the members of the clubs. But a great political party club is, in our day, an institution of public interest. It is not like a place of entertainment, or a literary, service, or local club — it is a party sanctuary, the sanctity of which depends upon its peculiar worship. Thousands, who are not members, have and feel a strong interest in that; for it is undeniable that those clubs do constitute the grand *rendezvous* of party. No character can be baser than that of the deliberate spy; and, without supposing that any man, pretending to the character or status of a gentleman, could be guilty of such inefable infamy, we would merely say that no one of right feeling ought to place himself in such a position as to incur the most distant hazard of such a charge. That charge never has been, and never could be, brought against any statesman, or men in high official situa-

tions. They may have acted injudiciously or unwisely in frequenting political clubs—from the general theory of which a change in their political creed, however conscientiously made, may have caused them to differ—but their honor is beyond question. Ugly stories, however, are abroad about less scrupulous eavesdroppers, and snakes in the grass; and it is very desirable, indeed, that even the suspicion should be allayed. Obviously it is intolerable that, at an exclusively political club, no gentleman can speak his mind freely, without taking the precaution of scanning the whole of the apartment, lest, within earshot, there may lurk some knavish underling of the other party. We have no liking for half-and-half, preferring to have our liquor unadulterated; and we have not the slightest notion of making a confidant of Janus. If a man is to be a Whig, let him say so, and keep to his company; if he is to be a Conservative, let him eschew Whig alliances. The worst of the present system is, that the Liberals have all the advantage. There are no spies in the Reform Club, whatever there may be in the Carlton; and, even on the supposition that the present state of matters is the necessary result of political changes which were unforeseen, we may be pardoned for wishing to see a speedy adjustment.

The truth is that we set great store by the maintenance of these clubs in their integrity. We do not refer to the one more than to the other, being of opinion that the character of an opposition is almost as valuable and important to the country as the character of an administration. We take it for granted that most men are drawn to one or other of these clubs from considerations of political principle. The members of it are his associates, and it is every way desirable that there should be an identity of interest and of sentiment; for there can be no doubt that in every club, of whatever nature it may be, harmony is the grand desideratum. Who would choose to belong to, or continue in, a society where he is sure to meet, every day in his life, with the very persons towards whom he entertains the most antipathy? It may be said that the cases are not parallel, because, fortunately for us, political differences in this country rarely lead to the interruption of private friendship. We admit all that, and are exceeding glad that it is so; but it must be remembered that the institutions of which we are discoursing were founded for political objects, and for these alone. We have no doubt that every member of Parliament could find more congenial society elsewhere, if he merely consulted his private taste and inclination. But he does not do so. He joins the Carlton or the Reform as a party-man, and we should be sorry to think that the system is likely to be interrupted or to fall into disuse. Even those

who dislike party must admit that it is better than cabal; and, for ourselves, we anticipate, if the disorganization of parties should be permanent, nothing else than a wretched and unwholesome, as well as dangerous development of cabals. But enough of this. We shall regret extremely, if, in the foregoing remarks, we have given offence to any one, our object simply being to enforce the doctrine that in a purely political club it is very desirable never to lose sight of, nor contravene, the original cause of its foundation.

With regard to other clubs we have absolutely nothing to say. It never was allowed to us to penetrate into the interior of the Oriental, so that we might listen to the legends of its denizens touching Futtyghur and Chittapore. It is, we are led to suppose, a little Hindostan in the heart of London, between which and Cheltenham the members are perpetually vibrating; and we imagine it is unsurpassed for its curries. Of the Service Clubs we venture not to speak; nor of the Athenæum, which is the first of the literary establishments. Club life, indeed, is a peculiar feature of the present age, and hitherto there have been no symptoms of decay, though we doubt whether the system will admit of much greater extension. On this point it is worth quoting the opinion of Sir E. B. Lytton, who, in his *England and the English*, written nearly twenty years ago, made the following remarks:—

“Clubs form a main feature of the social system of the richer classes of the metropolis. Formerly they were merely the resort of gamblers, politicians, or *bons vivans*—now, they have assumed a more intellectual character; every calling has its peculiar club—from the soldiers’ to the scholars’. The effect which this multiplicity of clubs has produced is salutary in the extreme; it has begun already to counteract the solitary disposition of the natives; it opens a ready intercourse with our foreign guests, who are usually admitted as honorary members; prejudices are rubbed off; and by an easy and unexpensive process, the most domestic or the most professional learn the views of the citizen of the world. At these resorts the affairs of the public make the common and natural topic of conversation; and nothing furthers the growth of public principle like the discussion of public matters. It is said that clubs render men less domestic. No: they only render them less unsocial; they form a cheap and intellectual relaxation, and (since in most of the recent clubs the custom turns to neither gambling nor inebriety) they unbend the mind even when improving it. But these are the least advantages of clubs; they contain the germ of a mighty improvement in the condition of the humbler classes. I foresee that those classes will, sooner or later, adopt institutions

so peculiarly favorable to the poor. By this species of coöperation, the man of 200*l.* a-year can, at present, command the nobler luxuries of a man of 5000*l.* — airy and capacious apartments, the decent comforts of the table; lights, fires, books, and intellectual society. The same principle, on a humbler scale, would procure the same advantages for the shop-keeper or the artisan, and the man of 50*l.* a-year might obtain the same comforts as the man of 500*l.*"

Since the above passage was written, a decided movement has been made by the class referred to, but not altogether in the direction indicated by the author. Lecture and reading rooms have sprung up in every considerable town, but there has been no attempt, as yet, to push the experiment farther. Indeed, we doubt much whether it could succeed. In the first place, there is a certain limit below which the outlay cannot be reduced; and we fear that limit is beyond the justifiable expenditure of persons of contracted means. In the second place, without more leisure than he is likely to be able to afford, a club-house would be to an artisan a mere ordinary, and would too often detach him from his proper domestic duties. Our habits or modes of life must ever be mainly regulated by our means of expenditure; and perhaps the most serious objection which can be urged to the club system, arises from the fact that men of small means can thereby habitually command the luxuries which, in domestic life, pertain to wealth alone. Some men require the application of the spur. Though very far from being philosophers in the proper acceptation of the term, they have a decidedly philosophical dislike of anything like undue exertion; and if they find that they can live, in one character, as comfortably upon £300 a-year, which may chance to be the amount of their patrimony, as another can upon £3000 in his own peculiar home, not a few of the epicureans will be apt to shrink from undertaking that labor, in which is comprehended the greater portion of the happiness and utility of man.

Doubtless — wits of the Garrick Club — you, in looking over the foregoing three or four pages, consider us as betraying evident symptoms of senility. What would you have! Would it be possible for us, in these hyberborean regions, where the snow is now lying two feet deep, to chronicle your facetiæ — whether they relate to the tonsorial operation said to have been performed upon one of your members, or to any other incident of fun that constitutes the zest of your existence! No! Good fellows all, we greet you heartily; and hope that, in the coming time, your walls may never reëcho with a less burst of genuine fun than has been elicited from them in the happy days of yore!

And now — what is our moral? That, we

confess, is rather a ticklish consideration; for, though we began this paper with a distinct moral view, we have been led into so many episodes that we have some difficulty in the summing up. Still, we are not without arrangement. And, first of all, we would beseech wives to be tolerant on the subject of clubs; because these institutions do, to a certain extent, promote the happiness of their husbands, and make them more useful members of society. At the same time, we by no means intend to dissuade them from a proper degree of jealousy. If the husband appears likely to become too clubbistic, let him mildly be made aware of his backslidings; and, if the appeal is gently entered, the odds are that the delinquent will be reclaimed. The comfort of a club, however great it may be, is nothing to the comfort of a happy home; and it is towards the establishment of that that a wife should bend her genius. Men, in the gross, are not monsters, nor are they exorbitantly selfish — though we deny not that exceptions occur — and, what is as much to the purpose, they are very easily led. Witness that huge hulk, Hercules, whom Omphale compelled to spin, and whom Dejanira trepanned even in the matter of his shirts! The old fable had a distinct meaning. It pointed to the supremacy of the married woman, provided she knows how to set about it. To dowagers, with daughters, who lament that their lot has fallen in evil days, we would breathe a word of encouragement. Let them, too, endeavor to make their houses agreeable places of resort, and we are ready to stake our existence that they will not find the clubs operate to their disadvantage. But if they will persist in the preposterous theory, that the only proper method of exhibiting the accomplishments of young women is the enactment of the part of a Bacchante, we have nothing further to say. Fitzurse, who is the best partner at the polka that can be found, is no fool, at least in so far as monetary notions are concerned. That distinguished officer is in the habit of declaring, at mess, that he won't sell himself — by which the jackanapes means marriage — for less than a certain number of thousands; and nobody can blame Fitzurse, since it is notorious that a lesser amount would not suffice to clear him of his previously contracted debts. But, in the mean time, at every ball or assembly Fitzurse monopolizes your daughter, which is surely not the best recommendation for that very handsome and sprightly girl. O mothers! in whatever grade of life you may move, do justice to your children. Teach them what is truly valuable; and, though fashion be against you, keep them from that too close contact and familiarity with the other sex, which, though it affects not virtue, mars the bloom of modesty. Use your own eyes. If we are wrong, you will be

able to confute us; but we venture to say that, out of that wilderness of phantoms now rushing past you, as if under the delirious influence of opium, you can hardly select half-a-dozen of whose addresses to your daughter you would approve. Very well! let us withdraw and inspect that half-dozen. Three of them don't care one fig for any girl in the room. They are there because they like the excitement, which is, in fact, the chief part of their existence; and if you can bring them to book, you will have accomplished a feat which fifty mammas have striven in vain to achieve. We grant that you have some chance with the other three. But what are they? Asses—contemptible in intellect, callous in feeling, and such as do not possess any one quality (beyond acres or dividends) which could possibly recommend them to your notice. "But, then, the acres and the dividends?" Madam, we thought we had the honor of conversing with a British, not with a Circassian mother.

If it be the fact, as we have heard it alleged, that beauty is at a discount in the matrimonial market, we conceive that we have stated quite sufficient reason to account for the extraordinary depreciation. And we do not think that, so long as the present system prevails, there is any great likelihood of enticing young men from the clubs, or of altering the rates of quotation. However, that is no concern of ours. We never were fond of preaching; and if the notions which we now propound should be rejected with scorn, we shall endeavor to bear the obloquy. We may, however, and perhaps ought, to say, that these notions are entertained by more young men of the present generation than possibly dowagers are aware of.

Finally, we would recommend the too enthusiastic clubbist not to become too enamored of his microcosm. Doubtless, within the walls of his pet establishment there are to be found several agreeable companions and associates—Smith, the politician, who is great at the breakfast-table, and who, somehow or other, is admitted to the arcana of state secrets, whatever ministry may be in power—Jenkins, the dilettante, who can tell you everything about the opera—Miller, the famous jester—Fitzball, the pride of the billiard-room—and Badmington, the connoisseur of vintages, whose advice becomes valuable about dinner-time. But those excellent individuals do not constitute the whole world. They are mortal. Some day or other Smith will be as dead as the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—Jenkins will

have looked on his last pirouette—Miller will be gathered to the patriarchal Joseph—the fine wrist of Fitzball will be motionless—and Badmington be laid in an alcoholic grave. Of that jovial band you may be the sole survivor, feeding upon melancholy reminiscences, and conversing uncomfortably with ghosts. The time will come—and perhaps it is not very far distant—when you will discover that the best of all possible clubs is but a poor substitute for a home. And this also is undeniable, that no inveterate club-lounger ever yet attained to distinction. Have, then, a noble ambition; and, whilst you avail yourself of the pleasures within your reach, do not permit them to enslave you. Every man stands in imminent danger of being carried captive to some Castle of Indolence, and the club may be your moral Bastille.

But wherefore prose we further? Is this a time for moralizing, when the only fine frost which we have known for four successive winters has arrested the rivers, covered the lakes with a solid mirror, and is even now inviting us to take part in the national game? For, of all existing clubs, the Curling Club is that which we frequent with the most intense delight. Let us see. It is now mid-day, and the thermometer is standing at twenty-three in the shade! Already our jolly brethren will be sending the stones roaring up the rinks on the pond of Duddingstone Policy. The lawyer will have flung aside his brief, and the banker deserted his desk, in honor of the exhilarating holiday; and foul shame would it be were we the last at that gathering. On this day, nine of our chosen are to contend for the integrity of their ice against any other nine in Scotland; and though the West produces most famous curlers, with the good and gallant Earl of Eglinton at their head—a chieftain whose removal Ireland will long deplore—

*Sootorum comitem flevit glacialis Ierne.*

and though the men of Bathgate and the Kirk of Shotts, who are sometimes able to practise in the dog-days, may be our opponents, we are yet not timorous for the result. At all events, even if defeated, there will be balm in Gilead; for we already scent beef and greens, from time immemorial—yea, from the days of Fergus the First—the curlers' appointed banquet. Not all the Nine of Parnassus—not even Maga herself—could detain us longer from the fun; and, therefore, with a sudden impulse, we jerk our pen into the fire.

From the Examiner.

*The Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge Advocate-General of the British Forces in the Peninsula, attached to the Head Quarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War, from 1812 to its close.* Edited by SIR GEORGE LARPENT, Bart. 3 vols. Bentley.

NEARLY half a century ago Mr. Francis Seymour Larpent was a barrister on the Western Circuit, a friend of William Adam's, Francis Horner's, Manners Sutton's, and other distinguished men, a fellow of St. John's in Cambridge, of good reputation as a scholar and fair ability as a lawyer, but with a practice so moderate and little likely to increase that he was easily induced, when Manners Sutton became Judge Advocate-General, to accept from him (in 1812) the office of Judge Advocate to the armies in Spain under Lord Wellington's command. He joined, by way of Lisbon, in the autumn of 1812, proceeded immediately to head-quarters which were then at Rueda (just beyond Salamanca), and remained in attendance on Lord Wellington to the close of the war in 1814, when he returned with the last detachment from Bordeaux.

The present volumes are a reprint of the journal and letters which he sent home, describing everything of interest that was occurring to him almost from day to day, manifestly not written with the remotest view to any but a private circle, restricted always to what was passing within his particular sphere of observation, and carrying everywhere the stamp of a clear-judging, fair-speaking, accurate and truth-telling man. There does not seem to have been any false heroics about Mr. Larpent, and we find no mystifying, magnifying, or writing for effect, in his journals. Their charm is that of easy, unaffected, natural description and anecdote, often very minute, generally very characteristic, and always felt to be genuine. They contain, we should add, far more of the misery, than of the glory of war; — so vivid a picture, indeed, of the horrors undergone in the acquisition of military fame, and of the horrors yet more dreadful to be endured by the unhappy people whose fields and homes are the theatre on which it is acquired, has rarely perhaps been given to the world. We must confess that we never felt such sympathy for our "scandalous allies," never were inclined to such measure of toleration even for their notorious ingratitude, as on laying down Mr. Larpent's journals. Very vile, nevertheless, must we think the conduct, not seldom, as well of the peasantry as of the nobility and cortes of Spain.

But the supreme interest of the book centres in Lord Wellington. Without any attempt, formal or otherwise, to describe or portray the

Commander-in-Chief, there are not many pages of Mr. Larpent's volumes from which some illustrative trait may not be drawn. It is only as we read, chapter after chapter, that the character unfolds itself before us, often in the most casual, the most trivial things, but always consistently, always in the right proportions, always with the impress upon it of the man since so much more familiar to all of us in every quality he possessed — "the great Ulysses whom we knew." Upon him everything depends, as Mr. Larpent soon discovers; the rest are the guns, drums, trumpets, signifying not very much. Of the inspirations and movements of military genius which govern the greater incidents of the war, Mr. Larpent, of course, knows nothing, and professes to know nothing; but he cannot help seeing, and showing us, that everything around him is sustained by the decision and energy of one man, that the faculties of this man seem always equal without strain or pressure to whatever is demanded of them, that they regulate everything which nothing else appears to have the least power to regulate, that difficulties vanish in their presence, and only when he is absent, or his movements suspended or concealed, is fear or misgiving anywhere discernible. We cannot show this, however, by single extracts; for Mr. Larpent is never making out a case, never formally professing to show you what courage there was in this Lord Wellington, what patience, temperance, industry without parallel, what an eagle glance for measuring means and ends, what a spirit undaunted by reverse and unmoved by success, what clearness of judgment, what unflinching power to do at once whatever was needed to be done, and what a determination and severity, as of Fate itself, against all that threw obstructions in his way. We are left to derive all this, as best we can, from the cumulative evidence of brief anecdotes, observations not always even complimentary, remarks casually let fall, or little incidents that occur in Mr. Larpent's official experience, scattered without order or connection over the surface of the three volumes. We shall somewhat depart, therefore, from our usual plan to present in our own way whatever we think most valuable or interesting in these illustrations of the character of Wellington — not grudging time or space if the result should satisfy the reader as it has informed and entertained ourselves.

Mr. Larpent's journal opens with some lively and agreeable description of the fare and accommodation that awaited him in Portuguese and Spanish villages on his way to head-quarters. His estimates of comfort, however, undergo many changes in the course of his journal, as his early opinions of other things receive great modification. His first favorable impressions of the Spanish people and cottages and modes of life, for example,



are much changed on an enlarged experience; and what he thought but scant accommodation on his way to head-quarters, he had frequent reason to sigh for as something princely and unattainable in later months of the campaign. It is, perhaps, the peculiarity of his position that we should hear from him the worst of what is to be said of the English army, both officers and men; but it is certain that the impression in this respect left by his book is the reverse of pleasing.

At his first audience of Lord Wellington the latter placed in his hands fifty cases against officers, and very angry and discontented altogether he appears to have been. "A pretty army I have here!" was one of his first remarks to Mr. Larpent. "They all want to go home; but no more shall go except the sick." After an interview or two, however, the law officer takes heart to say that "in business affairs," he likes Lord Wellington much; "he is so ready and decisive, and civil moreover, though some complain a little of him at times and are much afraid of him." This latter is an emotion indeed which Mr. Larpent himself cannot for some time shake off; — feeling something like a boy going to school as he goes up with his charges and papers for instructions; — but when they get upon such terms as that Wellington says on seeing him "How are you?" (it takes some four months to arrive at that), matters go on more easily.

Before this, however, the breakings, hangings, and floggings for recovery of discipline, have been very painfully frequent; yet Wellington's greatest source of annoyance arises from the fact that the courts will not do their duty. With an oath he tells Mr. Larpent that his whole table is covered with details of robbery and mutiny and complaints from all quarters in all languages, and that he shall be nothing but a general of courts-martial. But "how can you expect," he added on another occasion, "a court to find an officer guilty of neglect of duty, when it is composed of members who are all more or less guilty of the same?" Yet in the month when that remark was made "we have," says Mr. Larpent, "hung six, broke several officers (at least their cases are sent home with that sentence), and flogged about sixteen or eighteen, and we are still at work;" and after another fortnight, out of something less than fifty cases tried, he says they have hung eight, transported eight or ten, flogged about sixty severely, and broke several officers. It is right to add what is elsewhere thrown out by the Judge Advocate, that though he thinks Wellington reasonable enough, he thinks him also often a little hasty in ordering trials when an acquittal must be the consequence. Always civil, he continues to find him; but at times "quick and hasty in business." He nearly got into a scrape

one day by saying a good word for a captain not personally known to him, but generally respected for his good character. He goes on to say that he does not believe he has himself any weight in swaying the Commander-in-Chief's decisions; "he thinks and acts quite for himself; with me, if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise;" but he certainly did not find (what officers had said) that it was his habit instantly to determine against *anything* suggested to him. One day when the number of courts-martial under discussion was quite overwhelming, Wellington graciously remarked — "If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you think I was plagued, when I had to do it nearly *all myself*?"

Mr. Larpent's impression of the officers in the lower branch of the staff was uniformly bad; it did not improve on experience, and it left him with "a moderate opinion of the profession, which has not the independence I flatter myself I have seen in all the most respectable at the bar." Nor did longer experience improve his opinion of the men. The first great battle he saw was that of Vittoria, and his account of the discipline of the English troops after the battle (in which, let us interpose, he is fully borne out by what Wellington himself says in his *Despatches*) is very painful to contemplate. In everything *but courage* he pronounces them inferior soldiers to the Germans. On march they get sulky and desperate, he says, drink excessively, and become daily more weak and unable to proceed. It was often lamentable, he adds, to contrast the inferior persons yet more soldierlike of one of the picked foreign divisions, side by side with the noble physique and degraded morals of our countrymen. "Lord Wellington feels it much, and is much hurt." A remark of Mr. Larpent's points no doubt at the correct explanation. Courage is an unreasonable quality — and the foreigner, from seeing consequences more, and feeling them more, loses proportionately in that direction, though he is rendered more sober and orderly whenever it becomes material.

After all, however, courage, endurance, unflinching hardihood, the unreflecting obstinacy that *will not* be beaten, the unconquerable spirit never to yield or submit — these are the qualities for a field of battle, and from the English soldier they shine out with appalling lustre. Over and over again is Wellington found saying that there never was a scrape he got into in his life out of which he had not perfect reliance that these would extricate him; and the same simple, manly answer he gives to a talkative French deserter (a Lieutenant-Colonel) who questions him about a position he once got into with Soult involving a scrape, only Soult did not take advantage of it.

He tried to pump Lord Wellington, and said, "If he had cut you off, perhaps you would have recrossed the Tormes, and made for the Benevente road? but you would have suffered much." Upon which Lord Wellington observed, "No, I certainly should have done no such thing; that would have been ruin. But, if you must know what I should have done, I should have done that which many thought I ought to have done as it was — I should have fought, and trusted to the bravery of my troops to get me out of the scrape." The Frenchman then said, "No one ought to have blamed you for not doing that, unless it was absolutely necessary, for the French were twenty thousand stronger than you were, and their cavalry was then very numerous, and in the highest order."

To this let us subjoin a passage nobly illustrative of the spirit of gallant emulation, of the eagerness of danger and honor, which distinguish all classes of men "whose limbs are made in England." A service of extraordinary peril is to be undertaken —

There was nothing but confusion in the two divisions here last night, (the light and fourth), from the eagerness of the officers to volunteer, and the difficulty of determining who were to be refused and who allowed to go and run their heads into a hole in the wall, full of fire and danger! Major Napier was here quite in misery, because, though he had volunteered first, Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt of the 52nd, his superior officer, insisted on his right to go. The latter said that Napier had been in the breach at Badajoz, and he had a fair claim to go now. So it is among the subalterns; ten have volunteered where two are to be accepted. Hunt, being lieutenant-colonel, has nothing but honor to look to; as to promotion, he is past that. The men say they don't know what they are to do, *but they are ready to go anywhere.*

It is needless to say that Wellington exposes himself and his staff with the most daring coolness at all times. It is the constant source of uneasiness, remonstrance, and (as we shall see) of pious protests and psalmody from priests and nuns. See how his staff suffered in a mere slight incidental affair — and what his own dangers were on this and other occasions.

Colonel Delauney\* took one color, and rode on before the regiments to carry them on. General Hope was much exposed, and got two blows, one on the shin, and one on his side, but of no consequence. Gen. Packenham had a horse shot under him, his best charger. Gen. Robinson is shot through the body, a bad wound. Two of Gen. Sir S. Cotton's officers, his aide-de-camps, who were there as amateurs, suffered. One coming home was shot in the thigh. Many others had narrow escapes, and Lord Wellington remained exposed, untouched! it is really wonderful. . . . Sir John Hope was, including his dress, touched in seven places, besides a shot in his horse, and

through his large hat. The skin wound, though slight, is the only wound that gives him pain. Lord Wellington blames his exposing himself; *with what face I know not.* . . . We were all yesterday surprised by the news that the French pickets were all withdrawn near Bayonne on our front on this side, and that we might proceed close in to the works round Bayonne. What this means exactly we none of us know; Lord Wellington, however, was over immediately, to have a peep into the town on that side. Careless about himself, he got so close, that I understand there were some French in a house within about forty yards of him, and he did not move until he thought a French frigate lying in the harbor, seemed to be making some preparations, as if going to fire at the party. . . . Lord Wellington himself, with two other officers, went to the spot also to reconnoitre with his own eyes. Concealing his general's hat with an oilskin, he got into conversation with the French vidette, dismounted, got down to the water-side, looked all about him, saw all he wished, and came away. I think this was risking too much; but no French soldier would have any idea of the commander of the allied forces going about thus with two attendants.

That last instance was at Toulouse; but a few months earlier Wellington had at length been struck on the hip by a spent ball at Orthes — "a bad bruise and the skin broken" — whereupon, exclaims Mr. Larpent, after expressing what seems to have been the general fear that his hard riding after the wound might tend to make it of more consequence than it really was — "all our prospects here would vanish with that man!" Alava, who was riding with Wellington at the time, not many minutes before had received a precisely similar hurt, whereupon Wellington (according to his own account to Mr. Larpent) began laughing at Alava having had a knock, and telling him it was all nonsense and that he was not hurt — when he suddenly received this blow, and a worse one, in the same place himself. "Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him."

Here is a striking illustration, quietly related by himself, of his calm self-possession in the midst of danger.

Having been writing nearly all day yesterday, I took an evening stroll and then went and sat down on the churchyard parapet wall. In ten minutes who should come there but Lord Wellington, *solus*? After one turn he came and sat on the wall with me, and talked for more than half an hour. Amongst other things I said, I hoped you in England would hear Soult's account of the Maya business first, as you then would be alarmed and value the latter account by the Prince of Orange as it deserved. He said, "Why, at one time it was rather alarming, certainly, and it was rather a close-run thing. When I came to the bridge of Sahagen, I saw the French on the hills, on one side, and was clear we could make a stand on the other hills in

\* Should not this be Delancey?

our position on the 28th; but I found we could not keep Sahaugen, that it was exposed to their fire and not to ours. I determined to take the position, but was obliged to write my orders accordingly at Sahaugen, to send back instantly, as, if they were not despatched back directly the way I had come, I must have sent four leagues round in a quarter of an hour later. I stopped, therefore, to write accordingly, people saying to me all the time 'the French are coming, the French are coming.' I looked pretty sharp after them, however, every now and then until I had done, and then set off, and I saw them just near one end of the village, as I went out at the other end; and then we took our ground."

And here follow two similar anecdotes, told by Lord Aylmer:—

Lord Aylmer gave me two striking instances of Lord Wellington's coolness; one, when in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of our men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing. But, on some prisoners being brought in, and being asked what French division and how many men were in the village, they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army were there. All he said was, quite coolly, "Oh! they are all there, are they? Well, we must mind what we are about, then." Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeida, one morning suddenly and early Lord Aylmer came in to him whilst he was shaving, to tell him "The French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone;" the consequence of which movement relieved him entirely, gave him Almeida, and preserved Portugal. He only took the razor off for one moment, and said, "Ay, I thought they meant to be off; very well;" and then another shave, just as before, and not another word till he was dressed. I find, however, it is said he magnifies the French now and then—sees double as to the number of blue uniforms, and cannot see all the scarlet; but I believe most men in his situation do this more or less.

It is perhaps only another form of the same cool and hardy indifference to danger, or whatever in his duty may affect him, that he is seldom excited in any degree by the military events of the campaign, however startling; though Murray's unexpected victory over Suchet appears to have moved him a little. On that occasion he "came running" into the military secretary's room when Mr. Larpent was there, crying out, "Murray has beat Suchet, Fitzroy." Generally, however, and at the most difficult times of the war, Mr. Larpent cannot discover that he is in any manner excited by news brought to him, however apparently critical. "I saw Lord Wellington

after he had seen the aide-de-camp, and he read a long letter quietly through, and seemed quite at his ease; but he takes all that arises so coolly that this proves nothing." When he loses this coolness is when he finds that orders of his own have been thwarted or delayed, no matter by what cause. "He banishes the terms difficulty, impossibility, and responsibility, from his "vocabulary" exclaims Mr. Larpent. Though the elements alone may be to blame, his rage is not less with their luckless victim. Perhaps in another remark of the judge-advocate's we may find something of the clue to this. "Lord Wellington never attends to individual hardships, but to the general good."

An indication of any unusual anxiety with him, we find, from Mr. Larpent, often assumed the form of extreme drowsiness at and after dinner (implying doubtless a failure of sleep the previous night), as immediately before Vittoria, when he had reason to fear that his own moves in the game were being frustrated by less skilful players. And in connexion with this we may add, what will probably surprise many readers, that Mr. Larpent incidentally mentions a proneness in Wellington to lie late a-bed. When any one is in camp whom he has confidence in (Murray is instanced particularly), "he is not so easily roused from bed as he used to be." But it is understood, Mr. Larpent goes on to say, that he was always naturally fond of his pillow; and this they thought borne out by a fact which they all had frequent opportunities of observing, that he would rather ride like an express for ten or fifteen leagues than be early and take time for his work. Many are the times he complains to Mr. Larpent of being kept out of bed till twelve, *say one o'clock*, reading courts-martial. Sometimes the proceedings at one of these courts will fill ninety or a hundred pages, and, says Mr. Larpent characteristically, "he always complains, and yet I think he likes to read these cases, and know himself exactly all that is going on." So fearfully had his papers accumulated on one occasion, however, after a five days' absence from quarters, that when the judge-advocate came in with another heap to add to them—he put his hands before his eyes, and swore he would not hear a word about them at that moment, or even consent to look at them.

The ordinary course of occupation at headquarters at this particular time is thus described:—

We have none of us much idle time. Dr. M'Gregor has seven hundred men to look after. The quarter-master-general, all the arrangement of the troops, clothing, &c. The adjutant-general, daily returns of the whole, constantly checked by an eye that finds out even a wrong casting up of numbers in the totals. Lord Wellington reads

and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock; and then for an hour or two parades, with any one whom he wants to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his gray great-coat.

Sometimes Mr. Larpent accompanies the gray great-coat, takes part in the walk up and down the little square before dinner, and talks with him about affairs at home. The division on Grattan's motion for Catholic Emancipation draws forth opinions a little startling in connection with the events of later years. He strongly disapproves of his brother and Canning having taken up the cause of the Catholics just when the tide was turning against it. He has himself taken up a strong notion ("from what he saw in Ireland") that independence is what the Irish really aim at; and he is therefore for giving no more, but proceeding upon King William's plan to keep them down by main force, as he thinks they have too much power already, and will only use more to obtain more, and at length separation. So, too, at other times, and those even the most critical of the war, he would get into long talks for hours about the poor laws, and the assize of bread, and this Catholic question and condition of Ireland, "just as if he had nothing else upon his mind."

His dislike of newspaper interference in his affairs appears at all times very great — so great, indeed, that even when directed against evils of which he was himself notoriously understood to have complained, and when known to have been prompted by his brother Wellesley's zeal to champion him against assailants in his absence, he prefers for the nonce to take the other side. The letters of Vetus in the *Times*, for example, he professed to disregard and think lightly of; and "made several of us stare," says Mr. Larpent, by suddenly defending, against Vetus, the very ministers at home against whom his own despatches supply such decisive evidence. Indeed, not many weeks before, he had expressly let that same audience understand that he was "not satisfied with the ministry though not favoring the opposition." It was on the same occasion he remarked that he took in the *Courier* to know what government meant to do, and as a decent paper to show General Castanos.

The hunting at head-quarters, as we see, is incessant; "almost every other day." There are three "odd sorts of packs of hounds," Lord Wellington's ("or as he is called here, *the peer's*") of course the best. He has also a good stud of eight hunters, and rides hard on all occasions. But Mr. Larpent was told he knew nothing of the sport, though very fond

of it in his own way, his general inducement being a *good gallop*. He is also very fond of figuring in the Salisbury hunt-coat, sky blue and black cape; and in that costume is often to be seen, in as high spirits and apparently careless enjoyment as if at home with nothing else to do, when the French are literally within sight and bent on mischief. One day, when he has started early with the hunt, Lord March and Col. Gordon are obliged to ride after him in the middle of the day to tell him that signal has been made that the French are in motion.

General Murray says that on hunting days he could get almost anything done, as Lord Wellington stands whip in hand ready to start, and soon despatches all business. Some of the generals (Lord Wellington said one day) used to come and hunt and then get on business, and get him to answer things in a hasty way he did not intend, but which they went away and acted upon. "Oh d— them," he said, "I won't speak to them again when we are hunting."

Yet one can hardly say that even hunting interrupts business!

Much too hot for hunting, I should think; but all the sportsmen are out. Lord Wellington has not got good horses to be idle; he works them well. Besides all the hunting, &c., the day before yesterday, after doing business until twelve o'clock, off he went by himself, without saying a word to any one, over to Ciudad Rodrigo, seventeen miles off, inspected all the works, and was back again here in five hours and a half to dinner.

Another passion of the commander-in-chief's as marked as his love of hunting, Mr. Larpent was not long in discovering. He celebrates all the anniversaries of his great engagements in the Peninsula by grand banquets. The first that occurred while Mr. Larpent was at head-quarters was to commemorate the storming of Badajoz. The next was the battle of Fuentes d'Onore. The next was the anniversary of the battle of Albuera. Then it is Salamanca, which a great gathering and banquet must celebrate — so that at last Mr. Larpent is fain to exclaim that this great man's victories and successes will ruin him in eating and drinking, and if he goes on as he has been doing, he had better at once keep open house every day.

It is clear that Wellington prided himself not a little on these dinners of his — not simply his extraordinary banquets, but his every-day table.

He asked me yesterday, but I told him General Hill had asked me three days before, and expected me. "Very well," said he, "but I advise you to come to me, nevertheless, as you will get a much better dinner, for General Hill gives the worst dinners going." To General



Hill's, however, I went; and though plain fare, compared to Lord Wellington's, whose table is just now very good, and extremely improved, I got what I call a very good dinner.

There is a grim humor in what follows:—

Lord Wellington looks forward very coolly to another winter here. He said yesterday he should have twenty-five couples of fox hounds next season. The other day the commissary-general told him we had eaten nearly all the oxen in the country, that the cultivation of the lands in Portugal could not go on for want of them, and that he scarcely knew where to turn for a supply of beef, as there was this year no reserve store near Lisbon. Lord Wellington said, "Well, then, we must now set about eating all the sheep, and when they are gone I suppose we must go."

But above all we must give the reader a glimpse of a dinner and ball given by Wellington literally amidst the ruins of Ciudad Rodrigo, when, after first dining some seventy dignitaries, he received two hundred gentlemen and ladies at a ball and supper. The amusing expedients to cover the want of crockery, glass, silver, &c., and generally to veil the nakedness of the place with yellow damasked satin and silver or crimson satin and gold, are capitally related by Mr. Larpent; and the occasion called forth an astonishing activity on the commander-in-chief's part which one does not find to be at all consistent with the sleepy habits we have seen attributed to him!

The day before yesterday we had a hard day's work in the shape of gayety and amusement. My lord was desired to invest General Cole with the Order of the Bath, in a suitable manner. As he has never done anything at Ciudad Rodrigo, of which he is duke, he determined upon this opportunity to give a grand fête there in the midst of the ruins. A grand dinner, ball, and supper. . . . The whole went off very well, except that it was excessively cold, as a few balls during the siege had knocked in several yards of the roof of the ball-room, and it was a hard frost at the time. I never had a colder ride than going there. Lord Wellington was the most active man of the party; he prides himself on this; but yet I hear from those about him that he is a little broken down by it. He staid at business at Frenada until half-past three, and then rode full seventeen miles to Rodrigo in two hours to dinner, dressed in all his orders, &c., was in high glee, danced himself, staid supper, and at half-past three in the morning went back to Frenada by moonlight, and arrived here before daybreak at six, so that by twelve he was ready again for business, and I saw him amongst others upon a court-martial when I returned at two the next day. . . . The whole was laid out so as to astonish the inhabitants, and the defects concealed almost entirely—one hole in the floor had a man near it to see that

no one got a leg in, and a mat was over the hole. . . . With great care only a few silver spoons and knives and forks were missing, and I hear one plate. Henry tells me the servants saw one Spanish officer with a turkey's leg sticking out of his pocket; but like our aldermen, they are given to pocket even at Madrid, and have some excuse, as they are paid little, and find everything very dear.

This is all highly picturesque; and we may also observe that there is also a good picture of the duke on another occasion sitting and hearing with considerable coolness his own praises chanted in a Spanish ditty—(three Spanish songs having been written in his honor)—and "calling for it himself at times." On another occasion, however, when the Spaniards insist on entertaining him and his staff with a concert and lemonade (but this is when he is en route for Vittoria) we find him anything but admiring "*this time lost in singing psalms to him*," as he calls it. In truth the native population appear to have had the notion generally that everything depended individually on Wellington ("as I believe most people here do think," interposes Mr. Larpent); wherefore, at all the great crises of affairs present or expected, all the priests and nuns of the peninsula are sending up choruses of prayers and praise for him. He snuffs up such incense with supreme self-possession.

We are far from disposed, notwithstanding, to question what Mr. Larpent says of occasional touches of vanity to be noted in him. He ranks him in this respect as neither better nor worse than "every great man, present or past, almost without exception." Considering his situation, we are told, he is remarkably neat and particular in his dress; being well made, knowing it, and willing to set off to the best what nature has bestowed. "He cuts the skirts of his own coats shorter, to make them look smarter; and only a short time since I found him discussing the cut of his half-boots, and suggesting alterations to his servant, when I went in on business." Never for an instant, however, is there to be remarked about Wellington the least tendency to pomp or parade. There may be a touch of vanity, but there is none of pomp or humbug, when he appears at the grand gathering of the allies and sovereigns in Paris, amid a blaze of stars and orders, in his blue coat and little round hat. The distinction is always made by Mr. Larpent. He thinks he even carried to an excess his simplicity in respect to personal attendance, though in an amusing instance he records at Toulouse we are left to infer that a motive may at times have existed for it not wholly or exclusively Spartan and severe. A Dutch aide-de-camp of General Clausel's goes to ask Mr. Larpent to get him *entré* at Wellington's hotel—that he may



introduce his general. He fancies they will have to pass through armies of aids, officers, sergeants, sentinels, and Heaven knows what.

It so happened there was no one but an ignorant sentinel. In trying a door or two, we all blundered upon Lord Wellington, who came himself to the door; so I introduced the astonished Clausel and walked off. My Dutch friend told me that Soult and Suchet would have had about six aides-de-camp, &c., in the first room, and a general officer in waiting in the second. I own I think our great man is in the opposite extreme, but he does not like being watched and plagued. Just after the state *levée* yesterday, I saw him cross the crowded square in his blue coat and round hat, almost unnoticed, and unknown even to the very people who half an hour before had been cheering him. In one angle of Lord Wellington's hotel lives Madame C—, a Spanish beauty, married into a French family of rank, who are the proprietors of the hotel, but who have been obliged to let nearly the whole, reserving this angle. I do not mean to be scandalous, but this perhaps may have decided the choice of the house.

Let us show him also in the act of receiving (what Alava seems to have thought might have justified a little ceremony) the outward and visible token of the general Bonaparteian "smash" at the battle of Vittoria.

General Alava introduced an officer who came to present to Lord Wellington King Joseph's sword—his dress sword set in steel and diamonds, and very handsome. Where taken from, or whence obtained, I did not learn. Lord Wellington just looked at it as he took his seat at dinner, and, telling his man to put it by safe somewhere, fell to at the soup and said no more.

Sometimes a capital point of character is let fall unexpectedly at these dinner parties, with very good effect. There is no arm of the service at which Wellington rails at all times with so little scruple as at the artillery, and at the heaviness and slowness of the officers in command. "I took care to let him feel that I thought him very stupid," he remarked over "the soup" of one of these officers; whereon General Murray says (aside and *sotto voce*), "That must have been by telling him so in plain terms, I have no doubt." With the slowness of another of these slow officers he was made one day so irate at an interview when the conduct of some "friend" was in question that Wellington cut him short by telling him that "his friend might go to hell," when, overhearing him mutter slowly as he left, "I'll go, sir, to the quarter-master-general for a route," the pacified commander-in-chief "laughed well."

The truth was that these artillery officers annoyed the commander-in-chief by their unwillingness to move out of rule and precedent, or undertake anything which could not first be

squared to demonstration, with strict mathematical accuracy. That was not Wellington's way. He was a soldier of all work, combining in his own person whatever was sufficient to preserve him from becoming dependent on the efficiency of subordinates. He had almost as clear a perception in every case of the method of doing the thing, as of the importance of the thing to be done; and he would never admit the possibility of a mis-carriage unless the possibility of redeeming it was at the same time admitted. Thus at Badajoz, when the regular bred artillery colonels threw perpetual difficulties in his way, Mr. Larpent tells us he suddenly became principal engineer himself, picking out for his acting man, a young, clever, unhesitating artillery captain, whom he rapidly made major and lieutenant-colonel, "and," Mr. Larpent adds, "he now conducts the whole department here *because he makes no difficulties*."

This extraordinary aptitude for minute details, combined with the power of directing at the same time the grandest combinations and manoeuvres in military science, was what really gave Wellington his supremacy over the greatest generals opposed to him. Mr. Larpent gave several striking anecdotes of the promptitude with which he mastered a difficulty by readjusting his arrangements to the new circumstances. In preparing for the famous passage of the Adour, a want of the due quantity of wood was started as a reason for delay:

To show you how little Lord Wellington listens to objections, and how he rather likes to cut up the routine work, I may mention that Elphinstone told him the quantity of plank necessary would take time, and make a delay. "No," says he, "there are all your platforms of your batteries which have been sent out, in case of a siege. Cut them all up." "Then when we proceed with the siege, what is to be done?" quoth Elphinstone. "Oh, work your guns in the sand until you can make new ones out of the pine-wood near Bayonne." So all the English battering platforms have been cut up accordingly.

A still more remarkable case had occurred at Rodrigo. Scaling ladders became suddenly necessary to take some advanced work before any progress could be made with the siege, and the engineers had no scaling ladders with them. It was put as a hopeless case to Wellington. "Well," he said, no way disturbed, "you have brought up your ammunition and stores, cut them all up directly, they will make excellent ladders—there, you see, each side-piece is already cut." And by the help of these novel ladders the work was scaled forthwith.

It is hardly necessary that we should add, in speaking of Wellington, that there never

is any underrating of the power of an adversary, never any disparagement of the abilities of the men opposed to him. When it was reported, after Vittoria, that Bonaparte was himself to appear on the field of action, he said he should estimate his presence as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 Frenchmen, for that it would give a turn to everything. As little is there a disposition to conceal his own occasional blunders — of which an instance is mentioned in this simple way: —

I dined yesterday at head-quarters, and sat next to Baron Wimpfen, the new quarter-master-general attached here to Lord Wellington. He is a very gentlemanlike man, and talks French well. We had much conversation together, in which Lord Wellington, who sat next to the general, often took part. He gave us the whole history of the battle of Fuentes d'Onore some time since near here, in which the French were three to one, and in which Lord Wellington said he committed a fault in extending his right too much to Posso de Velho; and that if the French had taken advantage of it, there might have been bad consequences, but that they let him recover himself, and change his front before their face.

In the like unaffected, manly manner he speaks at other times of the advantages possessed by himself over the generals opposed to him. The subjoined extract is interesting for what it shows us of this, and also for what it tells us, with such quiet truth of observation, of the character of Wellington's mind in other respects — from which many undeserved imputations have arisen: —

You ask me if Lord Wellington has recollected — with regard? He seems to have had a great opinion of him, but scarcely has ever mentioned him to me. In truth, I think Lord Wellington has an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and is so used to lose a useful man, that as soon as gone he seldom thinks more of him. He would be always, I have no doubt, ready to serve any one who had been about him who was gone, or the friend of a deceased friend, but he seems not to think much about you when once out of the way. He has too much of everything and everybody always in his way to think much of the absent. He said the other day, he had great advantages now over every other general. He could do what others dare not attempt, and he had got the confidence of all the three allied powers, so that what he said or ordered was, right or wrong, always thought right. "And the same" (said he) "with the troops; when I come myself, the soldiers think what they have to do the most important as I am there, and that all will depend on their exertions; of course, these are increased, in proportion, and they will do for me what perhaps no one else can make them do." He said he had several of the advantages possessed by Bonaparte, from his freedom of action and power of risking, without

being constantly called to account; Bonaparte was quite free from all inquiry; he was himself in fact very much so. The other advantage Bonaparte possessed, and which he made so much use of (Lord Wellington said) was his full latitude of lying; that, if so disposed, he said, he could not do.

Let us remark, too, that his utter want of respect for persons when a matter of propriety or duty is to be considered, is a feature in his character which has continual illustration in Mr. Larpent's volumes. The Prince Regent was excessively anxious to hold regular personal correspondence with him — and "much hurt" at failing to establish it; but Wellington would not consent. He saw a certain impropriety in admitting any ground of private friendship or relations apart from his necessary communication through the ordinary ministerial channels. "I wrote to his ministers," says Wellington, "and that was enough. What had I to do with him? However, his late favor was a reason for my writing, and I have had a most gracious answer evidently courting further correspondence." Which he intimated, adds Mr. Larpent, that he should not comply with.

In short, there was one thing Mr. Larpent found Wellington always surprisingly deficient in — "of which there is so much all over the world in every line, and which is often of such infinite use to those who can adopt it," — *humbug*. It is not the fashion, he says, here at head-quarters. "From Lord Wellington downwards there is mighty little. Every one works hard and does his business. *The substance and not the form is attended to*; in dress and many other respects I think almost too little so. . . . The maxim of our chief is, let every one do his duty well, and never let me hear of any difficulties about anything — *and that is all he cares about*." One would say, on the whole, that it was enough; and when the difficulties happen to take precedence of the duty, we have seen what storms and rages follow. Nor is there anything he fires up at more (to his honor be it ever mentioned) than at any oppression or plunder of the native and friendly inhabitants which it is within human power and watchfulness to prevent. "He says, if officers will not obey orders, and take care that those under them do so also, they must go home, for he will not command them here; so many officers seem to think they have nothing to do but fight." Several examples recorded in the volumes of his own prompt and awful punishment of the least excess in friendly towns are sad to read, but doubtless had the effect desired. Here is a melancholy case:

The man was caught in the fact, stealing wine, and brought forward. Lord Wellington had him shot in the most impressive manner this morning, before all the corps, after a solemn admonition.

tion, and much parade. I am told the man appeared absolutely dead from fear before a musket was fired. He was unluckily one of the least culpable, for he had only taken away a bottle of wine by force. But he was caught in the fact, and suffered for the sake of example, as the least guilty in reality often do, from the most guilty being also the most knowing.

The officer from whom Wellington appears to have borne most in the way of thwarting or opposition of any kind was General Crauford. He knew his merits, and humored him. He knew also the extraordinary confidence which the men of his own division had in him. Some capital anecdotes of Crauford are told by Mr. Larpent.

He was very clever and knowing in his profession, all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. He constantly acted in his own way, contrary to orders; and as he commanded the advanced division, at times perplexed Lord Wellington considerably, who never could be sure where he was. On one occasion, near Guinaldo, he remained across a river by himself; that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Lord Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back, only said, "I am glad to see you safe, Crauford." The latter said, "Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you." "But I was, from your conduct," said Lord Wellington. Upon which Crauford observed, "He is d—— crusty to-day."

Of some of the young men about him Wellington appears to have been very fond — of young FitzClarence, for instance, afterwards Lord Munster; and of the young Prince of Orange (afterwards King of Holland) who made himself popular with everybody.

The day before yesterday Lord Wellington ordered young FitzClarence to go and bring up two Portuguese companies to attack. He went. It was close by; but he was highly pleased with the order. When he had given his instructions, he saw a cherry-tree, and went up to break a bough off, and eat the cherries. When Lord Wellington lost his way the other night in the fog (returning to head-quarters), FitzClarence told Lord Wellington he was sure the road was so-and-so, as they had passed the place where he found the two Portuguese companies. "How do you know that?" quoth Lord Wellington. "By that cherry-tree, which I was up in just afterwards," was the answer. It amused Lord Wellington much; and yesterday he called to him, with a very grave face, and desired him to go and get some of the cherries, as if it were an important order.

The Prince of Orange was very thin and slim — which got him a nick-name:

"Slender Billy was his nick-name with these who were intimate with him, and he knew it;

for one day, at dinner, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, not knowing he was present, said, "Where is Slender Billy to-day?" Upon which the prince put his head forward, and called out, "Here I am, Fitzroy; what do you want?"

Another prince — no less than the Duke of Angoulême — came afterwards to headquarters. But he made no mighty impression in any way, and Wellington seemed to have been more than disposed to quiz both him and his gentleman in attendance, Monsieur Damas.

I do not think much of the little duke; his figure and manners are by no means imposing, and I think his talents are not very great. He seems affable and good-tempered, and though not seemingly a being to make a kingdom for himself, he may do very well to govern one when well-established. Lord Wellington was in his manner droll towards them. As they went out, we drew up on each side, and Lord Wellington put them first, they bowed and scraped right and left so oddly and so actively, that he followed with a face much nearer a grin than a smile.

And as the volume is open at this point (soon after the great battle) we will give two more extracts illustrative of remarks already made.

#### AFTER VITTORIA.

We now began to see the effects of the guns. Dead and wounded men and horses, some in the most horrible condition, were scattered all along the way we passed. These were principally cannon-shot wounds, and were on that account the more horrible. It was almost incredible that some could live in the state we saw them. From my black feather I was taken by some for a doctor, and appealed to in the most miserable voice and affecting manner, so that I immediately took out my feather, not to be supposed so unfeeling as to pass on without taking any notice of these poor creatures. Our hospital spring-wagons were following on, and men with frames to lift up and carry off those near the roads; some in the fields about crawled by degrees into the villages; but hundreds have lain without food or having their wounds dressed until now, two days afterwards. . . . I have been over the hospital, and the scene is most terrible; seventeen or eighteen hundred men, without legs or arms, &c., or with dreadful wounds, and, having had nothing to eat for two or three days, the misery extreme, and not nearly hands sufficient to dress or take care of the men, English, Portuguese, Spaniards, and French altogether, though the Spaniards and Portuguese had at first no provision at all for their people. Half the wounded have been scattered round all the villages in the neighborhood; and there are still many to come in, who arrive hourly, and are lying in all the passages and spare places around the hospital. . . . It was one pass, or valley, all the way from Vittoria here; the road infamous, villages every mile, but much damaged by the French, and the people, from affluence,

reduced to misery and distress. Oh war! war! little do you know of it in England.

#### VERY ANIMATING!

I think I never told you a little anecdote of our General Stewart, who is brave, and always gets his aide-de-camp, &c., into some bad blows, in consequence, if he does not get one himself. His people about him on the 13th were all touched, and he was nearly alone. An officer of the name of Egerton came up, and whilst there a shell burst between them; Stewart said, "A shell, sir! very animating!" and then kept Egerton there talking on.

One of Mr. Larpent's personal adventures, we must not forget to say, was to get himself taken prisoner by the French, who detained him a month before the necessary exchange could be effected. He found among the French a continual curiosity about Wellington "as one of the great men of the age," and Wellington himself laughed, but did not seem disposed to acquiesce," when Mr. Larpent subsequently told him of the general feeling of the French officers that he ought to die now, "as he never would have such another year, and Fortune would prove fickle." If they could but have seen Waterloo looming in the distance!

When at last the whole British army forced its way into France, it is curious to mark the passionate desire for peace which is found everywhere prevailing or professed, and with it the lamentation and regret (often accompanied with even "curses") for Bonaparte's ambition — while yet hardly anywhere can a word of affection or respect be elicited for the Bourbons. Mr. Larpent is led at last to think that the people would really rather have Bonaparte continued, if they can have him with the condition of peace, than the Bourbons back. Three fourths of the population he believes would be so inclined, speaking from what he witnessed himself. "All have the highest respect for Lord Wellington," he adds, which they say they learn from the French army, high and low."

Of course when once the allies are in Paris, the constitution proclaimed, and the Bourbons installed, the time for any further tests of sincerity or good faith has passed altogether. Nothing now is visible or audible but a huge surface of apparent enthusiasm for the new order of things. Here is Mr. Larpent's account of a dinner at Colonel Campbell's in Toulouse, to which the news of those events in Paris was brought, and of the visit afterwards made to the theatre.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner — about forty of us — General Frere and several Spaniards, General Picton and Baron Alten, the principal French, &c., in came Cooke with the despatches. The whole was out directly, cham-

pagne went round, and after dinner Lord Wellington gave "Louis XVIII.," which was very cordially received with three times three, and white cockades were sent for to wear at the theatre in the evening. In the interim, however, General Alava got up, and with great warmth gave Lord Wellington's health, as the *Liberador del' Espagna!* Every one jumped up, and there was a sort of general exclamation from all the foreigners — French, Spanish, Portuguese, Germans, and all — *El Liberador d' Espagna! Liberador de Portugal! Le Libérateur de la France! Le Libérateur de l'Europe!* And this was followed, not by a regular three times three, but a cheering all in confusion for nearly ten minutes! Lord Wellington bowed, confused, and immediately called for coffee. He must have been not a little gratified with what had passed. We then all went to the play. The public were quite in the dark as to what had just arrived, but Lord Wellington was received in the stage-box (where he sat supported by Generals Picton, Frere, and Alava, &c., and also the maire) with no little applause, I can assure you. At the door the people would scarcely take the money from us; and in the opposite stage-box the French left the box themselves, and made room for us. We had our white cockades on the breast. The English officers in the house stared, and did not know what to make of it. Some thought it a foolish, giddy trick. In about ten minutes Lord Wellington turned his hat outwards to the front of the box; it was seen, and a shout ensued immediately. The play was "*Richard, oh mon Roi*" — fixed upon really before the news came. "*Henri IV.*" was played, and then the new French Constitution was read aloud from one of the boxes.

With which grand finale we may close these interesting volumes — dropping the curtain before any one has time to ask how soon it will be before it rises again, to a performance entirely different from that of *Richard, oh mon Roi!*

*The Whole French Language*, comprised in a series of Lessons. By T. Robertson. In three volumes. Volume I.

The author of this work proposes to reform the mode of teaching French, both as respects its thorough acquirement and the saving of time by the pupil; which last will be accomplished by means of three full-sized octavo volumes. The plan of Mr. Robertson is based upon what was called the Hamiltonian system — that is, a literal translation of the text, which Mr. Robertson follows by a free translation; the words of one lesson being thoroughly mastered before proceeding to the next. There are various other plans, one of which is to exercise the pupil on the most usual words only, and those chiefly derivatives; and this is good. Another is to mark the pronunciation of every word as it occurs in the lesson, by a complex system of signs; which strikes us as being troublesome and inefficient. — *Spectator.*

From the Spectator, 12 March.

### CONSTITUTIONAL LEAGUE IN EUROPE.

ALTHOUGH the mission which a sect of enthusiasts wished to force upon Lord Aberdeen last week has no practical bearing on the actual state of the Continent, on our relations with Foreign Governments, or the proper functions of diplomacy, it does not follow that diplomacy might not be usefully employed in rendering the position of this country more secure and peaceable, and in ultimately averting war by exhibiting the impolicy of those who are most likely to provoke it. Since the settlement of Europe in 1815, the relations of diplomacy have chiefly centred in what are called "the Great Powers"; the majority of whom have for the most part set the fashion in the government of Europe. By this accident it has happened that the great party to which England naturally belongs has been merged in relations that cross each other and prevent its true distinction from the opposite party; and thus it has befallen, that to an unfortunate extent the Constitutional States of Europe, instead of being brought together, have been separated even more in appearance than in fact.

To this as well as to other causes may be ascribed the result, that the Constitutional interest of Europe has been losing ground, as the Absolutist interest has been gaining ground. In the conflict of extreme principles, one is now thoroughly thrown down and the other is triumphant; and in the open war of 1848, while we have seen the defeat of the one and the victory of the other, we have observed that the Constitutional principles, which were scarcely in issue, have been steadily declining. They have been so partly because their champions abstained from actively asserting them, or resolutely vindicating them where assailed; and so they sank out of view, as a quiet man is hustled between aggressive combatants into a corner. The influence of the Constitutional party has indeed declined so far that the actual political existence of some states, at the present day, is called in question; and all must now begin to feel that their safety, if not their independence, is menaced by the overgrowth and the gigantic encroachment of the Absolutist Powers. Passively to witness the undeniable progress of powers who, if not our enemies, at least hold principles incompatible with our political existence, is not to cultivate peace,

but to invite a mortal destiny for ourselves. To coquette in "friendly negotiations" with those powers, or with outlying confederates, is not to secure peace, but to disguise from our own sight the hostile intrigues which threaten us. Lord John Russell lately boasted that he was in peculiarly friendly relations with the French government, and was in communication with it "on the state of Europe." Now, how can the Emperor of the French be the fittest person for England to be consulting on the state of Europe? What sympathy can he have with Constitutional government? what community of interest? what experience?

Other states there are, however, whose essential characteristics mark them out as proper allies for England to consult in the critical state of European affairs. Belgium, for example, is bound to us by family ties, by similarity of constitution, and, it may be added, by her perilous position. Holland is inclined to us by her moderation; Denmark has shown a great capacity for appreciating the actual state of affairs; Sardinia is our pupil, and would willingly be our ally. The view which the governments of these states take as to the posture of affairs is a subject that it would much concern our own government to know; and probably if they were specially in communication on such a subject they might not only recognize the exigencies of the time, but discover resources that are at present lost to view for want of means for concentrating information.

Were it known, for example, that Belgium, Holland, Sweden, England, Sardinia, and perhaps Denmark, were in council on the state and prospects of Constitutional organization in Europe, there is little doubt that other states, whose position is more equivocal would rally to the common standard. Spain would be very likely to recover from her *coup d'état* delusions. Nay, there are states in Europe that have not exhibited any sympathy with political principles, and yet that are so situated as to find their interests more promoted by alliance with the Constitutional League than with the Holy Alliance of extreme Absolutism. Bavaria, for example, who cannot be regarded as belonging to any proselytizing system of political freedom, might yet say to herself — "These immense empires behind me, animated by views of government from which I do not altogether dissent, are growing so gigantic, so overwhelming, and so encroaching in their develop-



ment, that I run a very serious chance of being altogether submerged in their rise. On the other side, this Constitutional League is by its very principles, and by the commercial character of the people who belong to it, peaceable, non-aggressive, and trustworthy; and, therefore, it will be much more to my interest to throw my weight into that Constitutional League, than to encourage those all-absorbing powers." Prussia, which has grown from a duchy to be almost an empire, but which still has to undergo mortifying dictation from its imperial patrons, would be much tempted to take advantage of any influence that could counterbalance its compulsory allies.

But it is not only individual states that might rally to such a league if it existed and were known to exist. In almost every country of Europe there is a moderate class; and in the most arbitrary of the empires, Austria, the action of the government has been to force that moderate class into opposition. While it is pretended that the revolutions in Italy belong only to extreme classes and low parties, the retributions of the Austrian Marshal — the fines on whole towns, the reproaches addressed to the gentry, the punishment inflicted on nobles and aged priests, in Mantua as well as Milan — prove that the middle and upper classes are forced into opposition, and that the administration of the supreme government has become most intolerable. It is the same in Naples. In Germany there is the party of Gervinus. To such moderate parties the existence of a Constitutional League would be the revival of hope.

Now the first step towards the reorganization of the Constitutional interest of Europe, is to ascertain how it stands. English diplomacy could not employ itself better than in learning the sentiments, the views, and the council of the Constitutional States, as to the future of Europe. There would be no occasion for secrecy in such a mission. The information would suggest the proper course of action; but if it were known that England had taken the initiative in such a proceeding, the very fact might give pause to those arbitrary governments who are now incited to extremities of tyrannical rule by the absence of control or check — who may force us into a war because our passive quiescence invites them to excess.

From the Examiner, 19 March.

## AUSTRIA AND TURKEY.

THIRTEEN years ago the preservation of the Turkish Empire in its independence and integrity was thought by the government of this country worth the risk of an embroilment with France, and a general war. We were told then that Russia, Austria, and England could not suffer France to protect a rebellious vassal against the chastisement of the Sultan, and that no matter at what umbrage to the French government and people, Mehemet Ali must be expelled from Syria, and reduced to submission to the Porte. To effect that object our fleet and troops were set to work burning and destroying, and France, unable to protect her *protégé*, thwarted and humiliated, was in a mood of exasperation, which any untoward circumstance might have pushed to the extremity of war. Looking back with the knowledge we now have of that period, and the elements of mischief which were prepared for explosion, and waiting only a rash hand to fire them, it seems wonderful that hostilities were escaped. But Louis Philippe waited his time, laying up the grudge in his mind like one of Homer's kings, and he took his revenge in the Spanish marriages, aggrandizing his house and satisfying his vengeance by the same unworthy transaction. It was then England's turn to be angry and alienated, and the loss of the friendship which had been a tower of strength to the King of the Barricades greatly encouraged his domestic foes, and emboldened them to proceedings which, combined with other causes, ended in the overthrow of the monarchy. The coolness between the governments of the two countries is thus clearly traceable to the difference on the Syrian question, to which also must be ascribed whatever share that estrangement had in the downfall of Louis Philippe.

But how are matters changed now! What respect is now claimed for the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire! Austria is now repeating the part which France would have played, but was not suffered to play, in 1840, with this difference for the worse, that the wrong is more naked, and for an incomparably more unworthy object. Consider what Mehemet Ali was, and what the Montenegrins are. Mehemet Ali, with all his faults, was a promoter of civilization; he established order, he gave safety to the desert,

and travellers traversed the country under his sway with more safety and exemption from annoyance than is now felt by the Englishman who has to make his way through the Austrian dominions. But he was a rebellious vassal, the protection of whom by France against the chastisement of the Sultan could not be endured by three of the four coalesced powers, Austria amongst the number.

Well, what are these Montenegrins, the protection of whom against the chastisement of the Sultan is endured by the powers pledged to maintain the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire? — a tribe of robbers and assassins, the match for whom in barbarism and iniquity is not to be found even amongst the Malays whose carcasses clogged the wheels of the Nemesis upon that admired occasion when Sir James Brooke so signally vindicated the rights of humanity, and gave a bloody lesson of civilization. Aggrieved by these miscreants, the Sultan despatches an army against them to punish and coerce their detestable practices, but Austria covers the brigands with her shield, and insists on the Porte's leaving the horde of cut-throats as it found them; and the powers pledged to maintain the independence of Turkey look on and acquiesce. We say nothing of the other insolent and wrongful conditions, for we would direct sole attention to the comparison between what we did at such mighty risk in 1840, to support the Sultan's authority against Mehemet Ali, with what we are now suffering Austria to do, in prevention of the provoked punishment of a race of murderous brigands, and in contravention of the Sultan's rightful exercise of his power as an independent prince.

In answer to a question put by Mr. D'Israeli on Monday,

Lord J. Russell said, her majesty's government had received official information that a final arrangement had been come to between Austria and the Sublime Porte, and that the demands made by Prince Leiningen on the part of Austria had been agreed to by the Porte. It was demanded, on the part of Austria, that the territory of Montenegro should be abandoned by the Turkish army, and that, as previous to these events, no encroachment should be made by Turkey on the coast for purposes of trade or commerce. That demand had been complied with. Another of the demands of Austria was, that the status quo before the war, as regarded Montenegro, should not be disturbed; and that, likewise, had been agreed to. On the subject of this last condition a communication had been made by

Colonel Rose, her majesty's chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, the effect of which was, that nothing should be done with reference to those important territories Kleck and Sutorina without the knowledge of her majesty's government. (Hear, hear.) With respect to another condition, that which related to Hungarian refugees serving in the Turkish army, he might observe that the first demand had been modified, and that Austria now remained satisfied with their removal from the frontier. (Hear, hear.)

And to this complexion has come all the big talk, and all the risks and substantial sacrifices for the independence of Turkey!

And what has been the friendly part of our government to its old ally? Why we, who stirred the Sultan to muster all his forces against Mehemet Ali, have counselled him that it was above his strength to move 50,000 men against the miscreant Montenegrins. And to prove our words, we let Austria bully him, countermand his armies, give impunity and encouragement to his enemies, close his ports against ourselves, and regulate the internal management of his empire in the ordering about of the refugees. To what this is the preface is clear enough. When young Mirabel is in the braves' den, one of the thieves tweaks his nose, another treads on his toes, as gentle preliminaries to the consummation of robbery and murder. And so it will be with Turkey, which has to pass through the stages of insult and humiliation, before she has her throat cut for booty.

Would we have a war to avert this event? Certainly not. But never again should England be committed to a policy bringing her to so lame and impotent a conclusion. The folly has been in engaging for what we could not perform; relying on allies, the fit epithet for whom Mr. D'Israeli must supply. The fool's bolt, says the wisest of men, is soon shot. We shot our bolt in 1840; to what purpose appears too clearly now.

From the Economist.

#### THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

It has long been the fashion among thoughtless writers, and those who consider everything, even nominally, Christian as necessarily superior to everything avowedly Mahometan, to speak of Turkey as a decrepit and moribund empire, kept in existence only by the mutual jealousies or the precarious forbearance of the more powerful nations, and doomed at no distant date to dismemberment

and dissolution. The prospect is viewed with something of the same complacency with which wreckers watch a magnificent vessel in danger of going to pieces on their rock-bound shore; and the speculations on the mode in which dismemberment is to be effected, are about as cool and unscrupulous as those with which these same harpies divide and appropriate in imagination the spoils which the storm is about to place at their disposal. We have long been accustomed to hear this language among influential writers and talkers, who echo only what they hear; but it is something new and ominous to see it taken up and formalized by leading journals, by men who aspire to the character of statesmen, and writers who are supposed not to be wholly deaf or blind to considerations of public morality and international policy. Yet this has been the spectacle presented in more than one quarter during the last fortnight, when the Ottoman Empire is once more threatened by the overbearing insolence of neighbors who think they may bully her with impunity, and who have long been greedy for her spoils.

Such conduct should meet with no countenance from the English press — not even that insidious support which consists in assuming that its success is a matter of certainty — that the destruction of the Turkish dominion is a fated and inevitable thing, which no effort can avert, and which there is no especial reason for desiring to postpone. It is true enough that the Ottoman Empire depends for its maintenance and integrity on the faith of treaties, on the wise policy, on the yet lingering and decent morality, of more powerful States. The combination of any two of her neighbors would suffice to overwhelm her: — nay, she might even fall under the assault of any one, if the connivance of the others could be counted upon. But of what European State, except the five great Powers, might not the same be said? Could Sweden, or Belgium, or Spain, or Portugal, defend themselves, if France or Russia chose to attack and absorb them, and if England and Austria stood looking quietly down on the gigantic and high-handed iniquity? Would it not be just as easy to dismember Italy as to dismember Turkey, if the leading States of Europe were so minded? And might not incapacity, decrepitude, and a benumbing rule, be alleged against the longer endurance of two at least of the Italian governments, with equal

truth and force as against Turkey? If the feebleness of the victim is to be the plea, why not parcel out Switzerland among contiguous States, or allot the smaller kingdoms of Germany to Prussia or Austria? If the incapacity of the government is an adequate justification, why not begin by the assignment of Sicily or Rome to worthier possessors than their present sovereigns?

But (we are told) the end justifies the means. It is a shame and a grief to see such splendid provinces as those which border on Constantinople and lie around Smyrna and Damascus in the hands of a worn-out and depressing despotism, under whose rule their population decays, their harbors lie empty, their resources are undeveloped. Compare what they are with what they might be — measure the opening which they now afford for European enterprise and commerce with what they might be made to offer — contrast the scanty produce of their ill-tilled fields with the vast harvests they might be made to yield under a wiser and more genial rule; — look at them now benighted under the sensual and fatalistic creed of Islamism, and think of them as they would be under the mild and civilizing influence of the Gospel of Christ; — and then say whether the interests both of religion and humanity do not demand that a transference of sovereignty should be effected.

To all such reasonings we answer: the same remarks apply with equal force to the south of Italy. Take Rome, take Naples, take Sicily — is it not deplorable to see them writhing and suffering under such besotted sway as that which now crushes them and disgraces Europe? Who can doubt that religion, humanity, material prosperity, social happiness, would gain immeasurably if these countries could be placed under the rule of England — ay, or even of France? Yet who, on that plea, would hold either England or France justified in taking possession of them, even if Russia and Austria were to be bribed or persuaded into connivance or consent? But are we so sure that the provinces of the Turkish Empire *would* gain so immensely by a transference to other masters? For ourselves we doubt it greatly. There is no doubt that the Ottoman government is in many respects anomalous and feeble; but it has several good points; — of late, too, it has made great efforts to improve itself; — it has two parties in the State, like most other nations, one bigoted, reactionary;

and conservative — the other enlightened, reforming, and liberal. Under the sway of the latter (now temporarily overthrown) several amendments had been introduced; and a gradual approach to European notions was being made. Are we — because Turkey is still in the crisis of an internal struggle which we all of us have had to pass through in our time, and in which some are yet involved — to pronounce her hopelessly incurable, and fit only for the executioner? But, if she be dismembered, what is the character of the two governments which would divide among them the chief portion of her rich and beautiful territories — Austria and Russia? Is it so certain that either Czar or Kaiser will govern her better than the Sultan? She has long had the most liberal commercial policy of any European State — no prohibitions — no protective duties — no heavy customs — no burdensome or cramping regulations — no selfish and narrow navigation laws; — all foreign articles are admitted at an *ad valorem* duty of three per cent., and may then circulate all over the empire unimpeded by *octrois* or transit dues. Would Russia or Austria continue a tariff like this, which so shames their own? Again: we admit and we deplore the despotism which reigns through Turkey as through all Mahometan countries; — of such we shall never constitute ourselves defenders. We have seen the grievous operation of this despotism upon the agriculture of perhaps the most magnificent and fertile lands which the sun shines upon; — we would be among the last to wish for its continuance. But we have no desire to see one tyranny replaced by another, more powerful and more unmitigated. The government of Austria in Lombardy is as absolute and more oppressive than that of the Porte, because more resistless, more vigilant, more ubiquitous. *Theoretically*, the Turks are as much slaves as the subjects of the Austrian dominion — practically, they are far less so. The pressure of extreme absolutism reaches few in Turkey, and strikes only occasionally: in the countries subject to the leaden rule of Austria, it lies like an incubus every hour and upon everybody. The Emperor of Russia is at least as great a despot as the Sultan of Turkey; and, what is not the case in Turkey, all his nobles are so too. The Russians are serfs, salable by their masters, seizable for military purposes by the Czar: the Turkish subjects are liable to be robbed by a Pacha, or beheaded by

the order of a Vizier; — but this is a *liability*, not a constant and normal position. Despotism, too, in the Ottoman Empire is tempered by the two most effectual modifications it can ever have — religion and municipal institutions. The Sultan is bound to govern according to law — i. e., according to the Koran, of which law the Ulemas are the self-constituted judges in the last resort. If he violates that law, remonstrance and sometimes rebellion ensue: if his subordinate Pachas violate it, an appeal to head-quarters is often answered by the head of the offender complained against. Then, in no country in Europe (except Hungary before the late catastrophe) is so much left to municipal management as in Turkey. Her municipalities resemble in their completeness those which we found existing in India. The chiefs of a village distribute the taxation among their fellows, and conduct their affairs, both of social arrangement and of judicial decisions, in the first instance with little interference from higher authorities. It would be a great question whether individual liberty and habits of self-government would not suffer by the substitution of Austrian centralization — of all others the most deadening — for a system such as this, imperfect and ignorantly conducted as it may be.

Nor must the substitution of Christianity for Islamism be set down at once as clear gain without some further investigation. For what is the form of nominal Christianity which would be introduced, or rather established, in dismembered Turkey? Unquestionably, that of the Greek Church, to which considerably more than half the population already belongs. What is the nature and what the operation of that awfully degrading superstition may be learned in part from the books of travellers in the Levant, but can be adequately conceived by no one who has not himself in person witnessed its monstrosities. It is, we think, almost impossible even for the sincerest Christian to live long in Turkey without being compelled to admit that in point of purity and sublimity the Koran, as there taught, has a marked advantage over any other creed as there practised and travestied; and that on the whole its fruits are, to say the least, not inferior. The Turks are dignified fatalists, and simple and sincere monotheists; the votaries of the Greek church are slaves of a puerile and almost pagan mythology, which it is really disgrace-

ful to profess. As to many of the principal points of personal morality the tone of both people is low; but in one great distinction, the Osmanlis have a most undoubted superiority:—the Christians, whether Greeks or Russians, seem to have no sense of or regard for truth,—the Turks are honorable and reliable in all their transactions.

The not very brilliant success of the one kingdom, which has been already established by the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, has scarcely been of a nature to encourage as to further experiments of that nature. Greece has now had an independent existence of twenty years under the guarantee and guardianship of the Great Powers; yet what internal improvements have marked her course? what prosperity has accrued from her independence? what worth or honesty has signalized her dealings with foreigners—even with her benefactors? Little enough, as we all know, to our cost. It may well be that the Turkish Power is not destined to a perpetual duration;—but at least let her not be cut short while she is actually struggling for improvement and civilization—at least let her be maintained till she can be superseded by something indisputably better.

So much for the morality and higher considerations involved in the case: the question of mere policy and expediency must be discussed separately.

FAC-SIMILES OF OLD BOOKS.—Mr. Harris so well known for his extraordinary productions of fac-similes of old books, restoration of defective leaves, &c., favored the jury of the Great Exhibition with the following description of the means he employs:—"It was about the year 1815 that I was first employed by the late Mr. John Whittaker of Westminster, an eminent book-binder of that period; and I believe the idea of having ancient books of the early printers, &c., perfected by fac-similes, was first suggested to him by the late Earl Spencer, for whom many books were so done; and numerous specimens are preserved of some of the rarest productions of the press in the library at Althorpe. Specimens are also to be seen in the King's Library, which were done in the lifetime of George the Third, the art of imitation by fac-similes being patronized by him, also by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, the Hon. T. Grenville, and many others. I continued to work for Mr. Whittaker till about 1820, when I was sent for by Lord Spencer, for whom I completed a Pentateuch in Hebrew and Chaldee, and several other works; also I was employed by the late Mr. Grenville, in whose library are numerous specimens of various works completed by me, as there are also in the libra-

ries of many other noblemen and gentlemen by whom I have been employed during the last thirty years. It now only remains to give a brief sketch of the process employed. Formerly I made an accurate tracing from the original leaf, and afterwards retraced it on to the inlaid leaf by means of a paper blackened on one side; this produced an outline lettered page, which, by being gone over carefully and imitating the original, produced the desired leaf. This process was found to take up much time, and was consequently expensive, but it was the method I adopted while employed by Mr. Whittaker; and he, to carry out the deception still further, had two sets of tools cut of the large and small letters generally used by Caxton, with which he has often been at the trouble to go over the pages after my work was done, to give the appearance of the indentation of the type. The process afterwards adopted by me was to make the tracing in a soft ink, to transfer the same to a thin paper, and to re-transfer on to the intended leaf; by this means I saved one third, or one tracing of the work, which was a great saving both in time and expense. I pursued this process for some years, but I have within the last ten or twelve years had recourse to lithography, producing the tracing on to the stone, and finishing up the letters on to the same; this has been beneficial, particularly when more than one copy was wanted; but I occasionally find even this process irksome and uncertain, and frequently at this present time have recourse to my own."—*Jury Reports of the Great Exhibition.*

DECIMAL CURRENCY.—The *Times* says:—"The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce have issued a Report on Decimal Currency by a Committee of their own body appointed to consider a variety of plans submitted to them on the subject. After referring to the great advantage that would be derived by the community at large from the introduction of the decimal system, they submit two methods either of which could easily be adopted, inasmuch as they would interfere only in a very slight degree with the present arrangements and values. Circulars have been forwarded to the President of the Board of Trade, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, and the Governor of the Bank of England with the hope that the matter may be taken up."  
\* \* \* The aversion of the idle and ignorant to being forced to conform to any improvement that would require even but a few hours' thought is such that the change could not be made without an outcry, although all the intelligent classes might desire it, and it could likewise be demonstrated to be beneficial to everybody. After its adoption, and the consequent compulsion to conform to it, even its opponents in a few weeks would be astonished how they could ever have gone on in the old way. But this ordeal would have to be met; and none but a minister who, recognizing a great national object to be gained, could withstand a month or two of noisy complaint, would ever be likely to undertake it."



From the Examiner, 12th March.

### TURKS AND CHRISTIANS.

WHEN wolves are hungry and lambs convenient, lupine logic is always fertile in finding out causes of provocation to justify their satisfying what is after all but a very natural taste. Thus the young Emperor of Austria, who is a bigot as well as a despotic master of an expensive army ravenous for glory, finds a thousand reasons for interfering with Turkey; now that her provinces are in revolt, her finances in disorder, and her ministry the worst and weakest she has had for many years. As we have already said, he has no more wish or interest than the Sultan himself that Montenegro, or any other province of Turkey, should become really free and independent, for this would very materially endanger the possession of some of his own provinces, of similar race and religion. Nor is he desirous to attempt their conquest himself, for he knows that neither France nor England are quite so well disposed towards him at the present moment as to render such an attempt safe or advisable. But it would suit him exceedingly well to be considered the protector of the Christians—particularly the Catholics—of the Turkish provinces south of the Save, as Russia is of those in Wallachia and Moldavia. And it is to promote this object that the insurrection in Montenegro has been fostered, and the military demonstrations made.

Ever since the liberation of M. Kossuth, Austrian intrigue has been continually at work among the Catholics of Bosnia; and when their attempt at insurrection was put down, there were no calumnies the Austrian journals did not spread as to the cruelties exercised against them. Austria sent a considerable sum of money to aid such as had suffered from the destruction of their property, and in various ways showed her sympathy for the insurgents. The Pope even—that friend of toleration and liberty—invoked the aid of the young emperor in favor of the persecuted Catholics, although persecuted for revolt and not for Catholicism. It should be recollected that formerly Serbia, Bosnia, and Turkish Croatia were fiefs of the Crown of Hungary; and although the Emperor of Austria spurns every obligation to which he is bound as King of Hungary, he is by no means disinclined to claim all the advantages which attach to the title. With smaller claims than these Russia has succeeded, on this same plea of protecting co-religionists, in acquiring such an influence in the Danubian provinces that they may be considered to all intents and purposes a part of the Russian Empire. And now a Russian envoy is bullying and intriguing at Constantinople to extend that influence under cover of protecting the Holy Shrines.

The young Austrian Emperor would fain, therefore, ape his great prototype of the North in all this, and get himself acknowledged protector of the Catholic Christians of Bosnia. But we really cannot bring ourselves to believe, notwithstanding the telegraphic despatches forwarded from Vienna, that so monstrous a claim has been as yet in any respect formally admitted. Could Austria thus establish a right to mix in the internal affairs of these provinces, it would soon be looked up to by the people generally as a protector, would be appealed to in all their grievances, and might easily prepare the country to fall ere long into its grasp a ready and a willing prey.

Now we would not be misunderstood. We are no extraordinary admirers of Turkey, nor are we disposed to sacrifice the interests of civilization for the maintenance of any power or any dynasty. If the provinces of Turkey are desirous of establishing their independence, let them do it; but do not let it be made a means of revenging a noble and generous action, and at the same time of aggrandizing a power less liberal both in civil and religious government than Turkey itself. No country in Europe, as we observed last week, has carried out the principle of self-government to so great an extent as Turkey, and it is for this reason that, in spite of its weakness externally, the Turkish empire still internally shows signs of life and vigor. As long as the taxes are duly paid, the Porte allows the people to assess them as they will, and to collect them by their own officers. In many of the villages in Turkey—and, if we are not mistaken, in Bosnia itself—a Turkish officer is not allowed to enter the village unless the tax is refused, and there are many in which no such person has been seen for years. It is notorious that Turkey is more tolerant in religious matters than half the Christian states of Europe, and no one who has visited Rome and Constantinople will doubt in which city religious liberality finds itself least a stranger. Ask the Bible Society whether their agents are expelled from Turkey as they have lately been from Austria; whether they ever heard of Turks being cast into prison for reading the Bible, as Italians are at Florence; and whether they ever understood that the Sultan allowed his muftis to drive out the population of a whole district for their religious opinions, as the Emperor of Austria did the Tyroless Protestants some few years since! The humanity with which Omer Pasha has treated the insurgent Montenegrins who have fallen into his hands, is not only a striking contrast to the cruelty of his savage opponents, but to the conduct of the Austrians, who impudently claim to have frightened him into clemency. Haynau hung and shot the Hungarians by scores for defending by

arms the liberties bequeathed to them from their fathers, and confirmed by their kings. Omer Pasha treats with kindness men who have revolted with the intention not only of gaining their own freedom, but of conspiring against the safety of the empire itself. When within reach of victory, the Turk offers peace, religious liberty, and the freest political action. The Christian refused to "treat with rebels;" and, when victorious with others' arms, he robbed the country of every right it had possessed, and every privilege his ancestors had sworn to maintain.

Let us beware, then, how we grant our sympathies in such a cause or to such advocates. Because a horde of robbers and murderers, excited by the love of plunder and the promise of support, descend from their mountains and surprise a fort or plunder a village, do not let us fancy that the Turkish empire must fall before them. Because those liberal and tolerant sovereigns, the Emperor of Russia, the Pope, and the Emperor of Austria, have expressed their sympathy for their suffering brethren "*in partibus infidelibus*," do not let us at once conclude that the Turks have departed from their usual policy of religious toleration.

From the Spectator, 5th March.

THE course of events on the Continent is such that our ministers have been obliged to take a distinct position, and to declare that position in Parliament. Foreign relations have thus become, if not the most important, at least the prominent and stirring event of the week within the walls of the Legislature. The whole question of "the balance of power" was raised by Lord Dudley Stuart, in moving for copies of the communications between the governments of Austria and Turkey on the subject of Montenegro. Lord John Russell courteously declined to give the papers, but very frankly stated the actual position of this country in the matter. The almost local dispute raised by the people of Montenegro, in stretching the independence that they have enjoyed upon sufferance, has called in question the tenure of the Turkish government in regard to its own Christian subjects and the great Christian states conterminous with its territory; and while Lord John Russell informs us that the immediate dispute has been hushed up for the time, in great part through the good offices of this country to maintain the *status quo*, he holds out no hope of maintaining it for long. The interest of this country requires that we should maintain the *status quo*, while our honor forbids that we should share in any partition; the fall of the Turkish rule through its inherent weakness is imminent; and Lord John cannot conceive a readjustment of the Turkish territory without the greatest chance of an European war. In

saying these things, he has authenticated the essential parts of the information already before the public, and has given an official stamp to the usual anticipations on the subject. This authentic information is very important, in telling us what we have to expect, and thus relieving us from distracting our attention with useless calculations having no basis in probability. Meanwhile, Lord John Russell, though speaking in very moderate language, has placed this country in a position intelligible and firm.

Lord Palmerston has not been equally frank on the subject of the demands emanating from Austria, France, and Prussia, calling upon Queen Victoria's government to exercise some kind of compulsion or control over the movements of foreign refugees residing in England. In reply to Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Palmerston said that "no such communications had been received:" a statement which may be literally true, but it is one by no means incompatible with the previous, reiterated, and uncontradicted statement of the *Times*, that such demands were to be made by Austria, and that the other powers were to join in a note upon the subject. Lord Dudley Stuart may have erred in the matter of dates or otherwise, and thus saved Lord Palmerston from that which diplomacy abhors, a direct answer. But Lord Palmerston did not scruple to declare what this government would do if such demands were made—it would refuse compliance. The British government will enforce the law against any who shall attempt to break it, whether British or foreign subjects, but it will not give up the refuge which it has afforded to political unfortunates.

Ministers have had to maintain their position in colonial affairs against a rally of the Tory party, headed by Lord Derby; who endeavored to show that the relinquishment of the Clergy Reserves to the Canadian Legislature was an abandonment of trust in the imperial government towards the Protestant Established Churches. If Lord Derby were able to attain any success at all, which we doubt, it can only be in embarrassing the government. That he can arrest the transfer of authority on local affairs from the imperial government to the colonial government, is impossible; for that transfer is registered in the decrees of fate, and it only awaits final fulfilment. That he can sustain the Church of England in Canada by the will of the imperial government, and by compulsory exactions from the inhabitants, is a still wilder dream: any attempt of the sort could only draw upon Lord Derby's own Church a truly American hatred, and would combine the colonists for the destruction of it as an alien monopolist. It is only through freedom and equality, and consequent absence of the motives to ill-will, that

any Church, whether of England or Scotland, can maintain its stand in Canada amongst other persuasions, as in the United States. Lord Derby could but sacrifice the church of his creed to a canting manoeuvre and an anti-ministerial success.

The newest news from abroad once more directs attention to "Gery's folly," the illustrious "kingdom of Mosquitia;" for the newest events on the European Continent belong to a familiar series. Louis Napoleon is "warning" the ingenious journalists who manage to discuss him in metaphors. Paris and Vienna are gossiping over the sturdy English articles in the *Times* declaring that political refugees will not be given up. The Emperor Francis Joseph is getting better and his wound is healing; yet anxiety for his health evidently increases, and an "*alter ego*" is allotted to him to perform some of his autocratic functions. At Milan, Radetzky is following up punishment and fines with wholesale confiscations. And the Turks are fighting while negotiations proceed. But there is no decided turn in the course of affairs save that already noted in Parliament.

General Cathcart has achieved another damaging victory over the border Blacks of the Cape; and a revolution in Ava has secured General Godwin a holyday.

The true variety for the season is this new question about the empire of the Midge Monarch in the swamps of Central America. England proposes to the United States to abandon the British protectorate, and leave Greytown as a free city, with a neutrality guaranteed by both powers. How far Greytown is in itself competent for such a post, we may judge by the facts. The natives are a wretched mongrel set of Indians, degenerated rather than ennobled by a stray infusion of Spanish and perhaps Negro blood. They dispute a boundary with the American-Spanish state of Nicaragua. The Warwick who set up the king was a Mr. Patrick Walker, secretary or clerk, years back, under the Superintendent of Honduras, who obtained the patronage of Sir Charles Grey and Lord Grey. The king is a cipher in his own capital: his port regulations are administered by a nominee of the English consul or resident; his internal government is administered by a council of five, elected by the inhabitants—the five councillors being Americans. Here are elements for an American Hamburg! If the government at Washington should agree to the "independence" of Greytown, probably it would be with the recollection that Texas was made "independent" as a preliminary to her joining the Union: but imagine Mosquitia as a "state" represented in the star-spangled banner! It is derogatory to our government

that there should be any "question" with a great ally about such trumpery things as this King of the Swamp and all its vermin.

#### THE MUTUAL DISARMAMENT MISSION.

On the 26th of February, a deputation from the Peace Conference waited upon Lord Aberdeen and presented to him a memorial agreed to at the meeting recently held at Manchester. Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Samuel Gurney, addressed the premier in support of the memorial; which, citing former speeches by Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel against the rivalry of states in augmenting their forces, recommended the intervention of diplomacy to effect a *pro rata* reduction of armaments on the part of England and France. According to a report which appeared to have been furnished to several journals at once, Lord Aberdeen said he had never met any deputation with whose objects he more completely agreed—

No one could more earnestly, he might say more passionately, desire the attainment of these objects as a security for the peace of Europe, than he did; and he believed that by no other means could any government more effectually promote the happiness of mankind and bring real glory to this nation. These opinions he had not adopted recently. They had often formed the subject of discussion ten years ago with his late eminent friend, Sir Robert Peel; but at that period the state of Europe was perhaps more favorable than it now is for carrying out the plans proposed. Admitting, as he had done, the duty of the government, they must consider the subject in a practical point of view. Strongly desiring the attainment of this most important object, they must look at the measures of a practical nature by which it must be carried out. First, there was the influence of their own example; and he might say, on this point, that the military measures into which the government had entered (whether those measures were right or wrong) were entirely on the principle of defence; and he thought they were not inconsistent with his views formerly expressed in Parliament. What he meant to say was, that if a country kept an army of 300,000 or 400,000 men, there was great danger lest they might be disposed to indulge the taste in which such forces originated. But the arrangements here were not at all of an aggressive character. There had existed in the country, as had been remarked, a strong feeling of alarm, and had the government desired it they might easily have availed themselves of this feeling and have greatly increased the armaments. But, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the wisdom of the measures adopted—and they were fairly open to criticism—their sincere desire had been to do nothing more than was necessary, according to the opinion of competent judges in such matters. He admitted that the danger of aggression had been enormously exaggerated; yet he thought that a great country

like ours ought not to be left at the mercy of even the most pacific nation. With respect to the definite measure proposed by the deputation, he doubted whether, in the present state of Europe, such proposals would be listened to as favorably as they might have been ten years ago; but he again assured the deputation, that, whether their object was attained or not, it would not be for the want of an inclination on his part to promote it. He would keep the subject constantly in view, and no one could more earnestly desire so happy a result than himself.

As Lord Aberdeen has seen fit to entertain the proposition laid before him by the deputation from the Peace Conference lately assembled at Manchester, and more particularly as he has departed from the usual ministerial reserve in using language calculated to raise hopes on the part of those very sanguine persons, it may have become worth while to consider what would be the effect of their proposition if it were carried out.

The proposition formally conveyed to Lord Aberdeen by Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Cobden, and other exclusive friends of peace, is that he should "invite the various governments of Europe to enter simultaneously upon a reduction of those oppressive military establishments;" and Lord Aberdeen declares, that "if their object were not attained it would not be for the want of any inclination on his part to promote it." We do not indeed understand Lord Aberdeen to have conveyed the slightest hint that while he applauded the object, the disarmament, he accepted the means, the mission; but to avow so marked a sympathy with the object, to listen to the citation of his own words painfully resembling the new project, and *not* at the same time to meet the impracticable proposal by an unequivocal dissent, was, we make free to think, an official indiscretion. Now, let us suppose him promoting it, and proceeding at once to our nearest neighbor, who possesses an army of more than three hundred thousand men, with a transport fleet in the highest state of efficiency for immediate embarkation and transhipment. Let us suppose Lord Aberdeen going to the Emperor Napoleon III. and asking him to reduce that oppressive military establishment. To take a very favorable case, we might suppose that his imperial majesty would reply by declaring that nothing was more near his heart, and that he would at once proceed with the proposed reduction: our British forces of course to be reduced *pari passu*. Evidently, we could not ask him to reduce without doing as much ourselves; and supposing that he took off a hundred thousand men from his army, we of course must do no less. But then arise important questions. The first is, how the

Emperor Napoleon could assure us that the reduction had really been made. Are we to take him at his word, or are we to appoint English commissioners to visit the dockyards, barracks, and camps of France, for the purpose of ascertaining the reduction? We can scarcely expect that the latter process would be permitted by the French government; so that we must reduce our own establishments on the faith of Emperor Napoleon's word. Mr. Cobden "thought it would allay all the irritation, if it were publicly known that the two governments were in friendly communication on the subject." He states that he "is in constant communication with parties in France in whom he has the most implicit confidence, and he is satisfied that there is no foundation for the fear of aggression from that country; but if the government were to enter into diplomatic relations with France, they would be in a position to contradict such alarming rumors authoritatively." So says Mr. Cobden; who must possess very peculiar notions on the subject of guarantees, and certainly few would be so easily satisfied as he professes to be. In the first place, we ought to know who are the "parties" with whom he is in constant correspondence, and whether they speak on authority or not. Even, however, if we had the highest authority, that of the emperor himself, it would little avail us. Ought we to rely upon the continuance of peace because Louis Napoleon is to assure us that he has no intention of committing war—after we have seen him subvert by a midnight conspiracy a constitution which he had sworn to maintain, and which, but a few hours before, he declared himself pledged to maintain! Upon the self-same assurance, Mr. Cobden ought to have relied for the maintenance of the republic in France; and if he can have seen that republic subverted, and still rely upon the same assurance from the same lips, he must possess a degree of credulity unknown to the most simple of his countrymen. The assurances of Napoleon are to be considered ominous, not auspicious.

If Louis Napoleon were perfectly sincere, his answer most likely would be, not that he would reduce his establishment, but that, if he were as much inclined to do so as Lord Aberdeen himself, he would be unable. He might say—"I have no intention of attacking England: but I have Algiers to maintain; I have French interests to support in the Eastern Mediterranean; I have, if not to conquer the frontier of the Rhine, to defend the integrity of France at her present boundary; I have my throne to uphold, and the people have not yet acquired so much knowledge of the benefit which my reign is to bring that I can calculate upon my throne without an army." This would be a reasonable reply



under the circumstances. For a country in the actual position of France, three hundred thousand men may not be too much. But while a sovereign maintains three hundred thousand men in arms, and owes little responsibility to anybody in his own country, his neighbors ought to be prepared for any possible turn of royal caprice or necessity. If he might honestly declare that he did not intend to attack us now, some new turn in affairs might justify him in his own mind six months hence.

Nor could we expect Louis Napoleon to reduce his army in the face of powers which have so recently hesitated to recognize him. If we would enable him to effect the reduction, we must pass from him to the powers that lie more remote from our own frontier, and, as we do so, probably we shall find the difficulty of procuring a consent greater. If we were to ask Austria to reduce her armies, she might, with her position and her views, very reasonably answer, that it is only by her armies, drawn from her several provinces, and then used against those provinces reciprocally, that she can hold her empire together. Mr. Cobden deprecates the large warlike preparations "in time of peace;" but in the Austrian domains there is no peace. There is a revolution kept down by armed force; and if power is to be measured by the resistance which maintains it in a state of equilibrium, then we can appreciate the civil war tacitly and silently going on in Austria by the terrors and tyrannies that alone preserve the *status quo*.

Austria cannot reduce her armies, excepting under these alternative conditions—the abandonment of her provinces; or the abandonment of her principles on the subject of government, in favor of those that Mr. Cobden might offer, ready-made, of English manufacture. But even if, by some miracle of conquest over revolution or over herself, she were quit of internal enemies, how could Austria reduce her armaments in the face of her ally, Russia, who already views with a keen appetite the Slavonian provinces? Before Austria can reduce, Russia must reduce; wherefore, let Mr. Cobden, Mr. Milner Gibson, and other members of the deputation, convey themselves to St. Petersburg, and lay their proposition before the Emperor Nicholas. He will tell them, very politely perhaps, that his army is his empire. Lord Aberdeen, indeed, might safely promise to carry out the mission for whose object he avows so much sympathy, when Mr. Cobden shall have succeeded in converting the Emperor Nicholas to the tenets of the Peace Association.

On the first blush there is a show of reason in this proposition for a reciprocal disarmament; but there is nothing rational in convey-

ing to any "parties" propositions which we know them to be incapable, by their circumstances or their education, of entertaining; and he who travels about the world hawking a proposition, with high and sacred names, for which he cannot find a market, is guilty either of Quixotic foolishness or of a still more degrading hypocrisy. Perhaps it would have been as well if so experienced a diplomatist as Lord Aberdeen had given to Mr. Cobden more directly the benefit of his better knowledge, and so, instead of appearing disposed "to promote the object," had at once declared that there is not the slightest prospect of doing anything with it in Europe at the present time.

The abstract reasoning of a proposition does not suffice to make it reasonable between all "parties." If a burglar were breaking into his window, Mr. Cobden might bring him the most incontestable proofs as to the injudiciousness of his course, even on the principles of self-interest. He might prove to demonstration that no amount of plunder could in the long run be profitable; that honest industry is not only the more profitable, but it is the more healthy and happy course. He might prove that the burglar inevitably comes to a bad end; that thieves do not get on in life; and that even the "fence," the capitalist of that tribe, is liable to the fate of Ikey Solomons. He might make good these propositions, without any kind of comment at all, by his own favorite plan, the exhibition of blue-book statistics. Yet we doubt very much whether the most cogent argument would induce the visitor to relinquish either his "jemmy" or his "barkers."

We incline to believe, that however much the householders of the country at large might be in favor of mutual disarmament as between citizens and thieves, they would not at all rely upon such friendly negotiations for any practical purpose. Nay, we suspect that the worldly wisdom of a gentleman who proposed to meet foreign invaders of the household in that fashion would not be estimated at a very high rate. A man who should go down to Cambridge armed with a Colt's revolver, as the instrument for winning the honors of Senior Wrangler, would fairly lay himself open to Mr. Cobden's censures; but if Mr. Cobden thinks that the weapons of the Anti-Corn law would prove triumphant among the Don Cossacks or the Croat, he is under a serious mistake; which he might discover before he had gone half-way to the Banat—or rather, which somebody else might discover; for Mr. Cobden's power of reception seems to exist only for one species of knowledge. We are only surprised to see Lord Aberdeen half inclined to accept the post of missionary under Mr. Cobden's Anti-War League.